

TWENTY CENTS

MARCH 31, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CHARLES LAUGHTON
Every night is amateur night.

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U.S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. LIX NO. 13

Hawaii

*Loveliest of sun-lit, palm-fringed isles...
anchored in a tropic sea!*

**Hawaiian
Surprises ...**



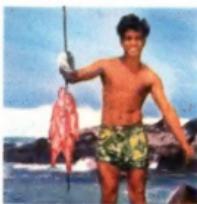
**SO CLOSE... 4½ days by ship
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SUCH A LOW COST... for a matchless vacation.

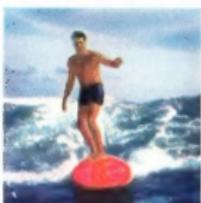
SO MANY THINGS TO SEE AND DO...
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MAUI... You can learn ancient dances, and you'll glory in the sunsets on Mt. Haleakala... or the enchanting twilight of palm-fringed Iao Valley above Wailea.



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OAHU... Waikiki's Sport of Island Kings is a thrill you'll never forget. And you will long remember the Canal Gardens of Kaneohe, seen from a glass-bottom boat.



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FIRE DOME 8

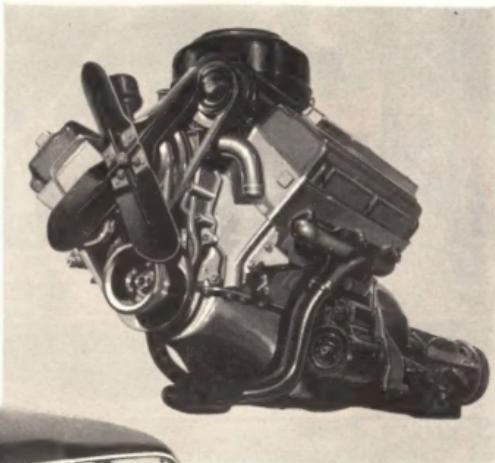
... with America's most advanced engine design and Power Steering!

It's the car of the year for performance! De Soto's new Fire Dome engine delivers more power from every drop of gas... tremendous power reserve for hills and straightaways... on regular fuel!

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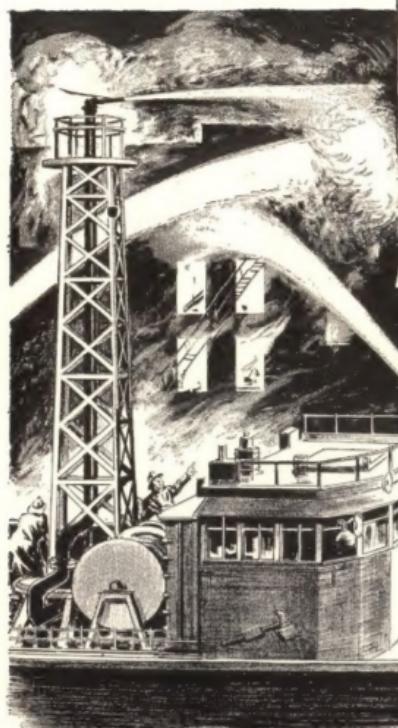
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DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present GROUCHO MARX in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TV... NBC networks.
TIME, MARCH 31, 1952



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FLOATING FIRE FIGHTER SPOUTS 5800 GALLONS A MINUTE!

NEWEST IN FIREBOATS, THIS TRIM CRAFT SPEEDS TO WATERFRONT BLAZES, DELIVERS A KNOCKOUT DELUGE. THROUGH 9 NOZZLES, IT HURLS ITS OWN WEIGHT IN WATER. EVERY 3½ MINUTES. THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF 4 ENGINES CAN BE SHIFTED INSTANTLY FROM PROPELLER TO PUMPS THROUGH SPECIAL POWER TAKE-OFFS MADE BY B-W'S ROCKFORD CLUTCH, THIS WAY, THE ENGINES DO DOUBLE DUTY, SAVING WEIGHT AND EXPENSE.



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A FANTASTIC NEW MACHINE NOW FASHIONS PRETZELS WITH THE SKILL OF AN EXPERT PRETZEL TWISTER - AND AT FAR GREATER SPEED. TIRELESS STEEL FINGERS LOOP AND TIE DOUGH INTO PERFECT PRETZELS - UP TO 55 A MINUTE. BECAUSE THE PRECISION TYING MECHANISM MUST BE DRIVEN WITHOUT VIBRATION, SILENT CHAIN DRIVES FROM B-W'S MORSE CHAIN ARE USED.



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IN ALL ARE MADE BY **BORG-WARNER**

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IN SO MANY WAYS B-W SKILL AND INGENUITY TOUCH THE LIFE OF ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY.

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IN 16th CENTURY PORTUGAL, THE MONARCH'S BEARD WAS SECURITY FOR PUBLIC LOANS. BOND HOLDERS WERE ENTITLED TO CLAIM A ROYAL WHISKER. IF THE BOND WASN'T REPAYED, OUR MODERN U.S. DEFENSE BONDS ARE BACKED BY THE STRENGTH OF AMERICA ITSELF. AND EVERY BOND YOU BUY IMPROVES THE INVESTMENT...MAKES AMERICA STILL STRONGER. FOR YOUR PART—BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS REGULARLY.

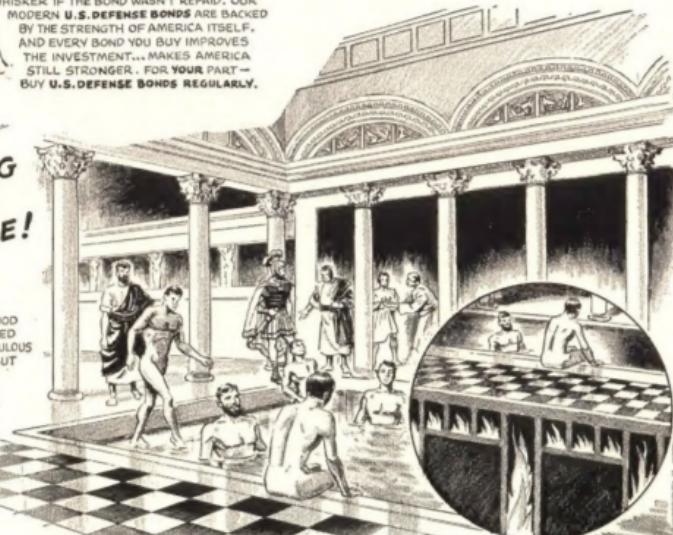
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30 MILES "FREE" IN 100!

A CAR CAN DONATE UP TO 30% MORE MILES PER GALLON WHEN EQUIPPED WITH AN AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE. THE ADVANCE-TYPE TRANSMISSION MADE BY B-W'S WARNER GEAR FOR LEADING MOTORCAR MANUFACTURERS, THAT'S BECAUSE THE ENGINE MAKES FEWER REVOLUTIONS AT 50 MPH. FOR EXAMPLE, YOUR ENGINE LOAFS AT ONLY 35 ... STAYS YOUNG LONGER.



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FOR THE BATHS
OF ANCIENT ROME!

HOT GASES FROM ROARING WOOD FIRES IN CELLAR VAULTS WARMED FLOORS AND WALLS OF ROME'S FABULOUS BATHS. IT WAS A GREAT ADVANCE, BUT HIGHLY INEFFICIENT. TODAY, B-W'S NORGE-HEAT AUTOMATIC FURNACES MAKE WARM AIR HEATING THE MODEL OF COMPACT EFFICIENCY. THEIR UNIQUE CONSTRUCTION ACTUALLY SQUEEZES HEAT FROM FUEL—GAS OR OIL-- TO ACHIEVE THE GREATEST ECONOMY AND THE GREATEST SPACE SAVING KNOWN IN HOME FURNACES.



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*The KENWOOD S-1269,
U-wing tip in tan calf
and wheat nylon mesh.*

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LETTERS

The Great Bookster

Sir:

After reading your article on Mortimer Adler in the March 17 issue, I was astonished but pleased to learn that someone has, at last, done something to eliminate the automatic acceptance of biased philosophy, and has offered something that is not so one-sided which will give the student an opportunity to think for himself and draw his own conclusions . . .

PHILIP M. C. ARMSTRONG JR.
Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

In regard to the caption ["Should professors commit suicide?"] on the March 17 cover: HELL YES! The educational system of the U.S. would be a lot better off if some of them did.

C. CRAIG FRITSCHKE
Lexington, Va.

Sir:

If Mortimer Adler gets his way, I'm going to quit school at 16.

PETER RATCLIFFE
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

For his long, hard effort against the Dragon of Deweyism, Huckster Adler deserves the fur-lined spittoon. But before he sallies forth again, he should straighten out his armor. His recent encyclopedist tendency, his readiness to defend either side of a contradiction (made out to be a virtue in your article), his over-all intellectual hedge-hopping show

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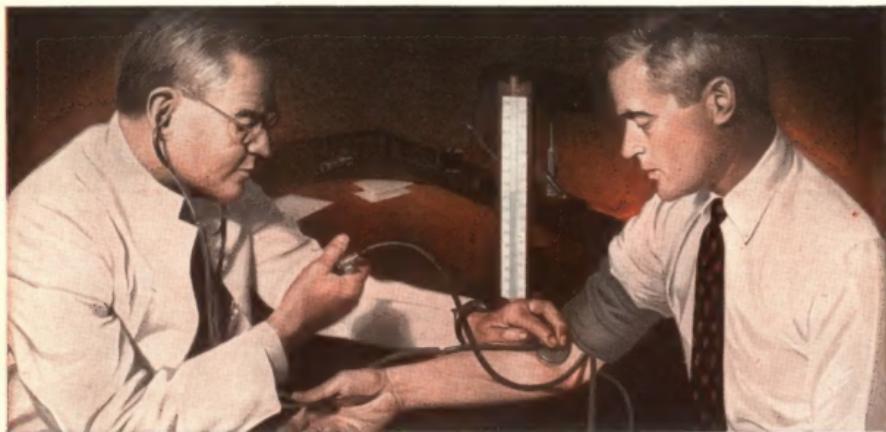
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TIME
March 31, 1952

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Number 13

TIME, MARCH 31, 1952



Some Common Fallacies About **HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE**

High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a major cause of heart disease in middle age and later years. Directly or indirectly, it claims the lives of about 200,000 of our citizens annually.

Yet, medical science can do much for people with high blood pressure. Doctors say, however, that certain false beliefs which many

people have about this condition sometimes make treatment more difficult. By replacing fallacies with facts, patients are helped to develop a calm mental outlook—an important factor in controlling hypertension.

Listed below are some of the common fallacies about high blood pressure, and some medical facts which may be reassuring.

FALLACY #1

That an increase in blood pressure is always a sign of trouble. This is not true. In fact, everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time as a result of physical activity or emotional strain.

Such temporary rises are perfectly normal and are *not* a sign of trouble. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension.

It is always important to have the doctor determine whether blood pressure is persistently higher than it should be, and to search for the underlying causes.

FALLACY #2

That nothing can be done to control high blood pressure. Far from it! Under living and working conditions specified by the doctor, high blood pressure may clear up in some cases before it has a chance to damage the heart and blood vessels.

In all cases, however, close and continued cooperation with the doctor in every phase of treatment is essential. This is why everyone—especially those who are *middle-aged or older*, those who have a family history of hypertension, or those who are *overweight*—should have periodic health examinations.

FALLACY #3

That high blood pressure demands restriction in all activity. On the contrary, many people who have this condition continue to enjoy active, useful lives simply by following the doctor's advice.

Among measures which the doctor also may suggest to help lower blood pressure are: *practice moderation in every physical activity; avoid emotional extremes; keep weight normal; get plenty of rest; have frequent medical check-ups.*

By carefully observing these precautions, many people with high blood pressure can live long and nearly normal lives.

Among the agencies that are sponsoring studies on diseases of the heart and circulatory system is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. Today there is real hope that the research attack will provide increasingly effective weapons against these diseases.

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ENZO FERRARI



Alberto Ascari in front with the winning Ferrari in the Grand Prix of Germany.
CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

the same irreverence and inconclusiveness that make the philosophies of William James and John Dewey what they are: anti-wisdoms. Mr. Adler may have provided his own criteria for what he chooses to call "Great Ideas," but he has yet to discover a criterion of truth.

THOMAS S. KLISE

Peoria, Ill.

Sir:

. . . As a Great Books discussion group enthusiast, I have known and admired Mortimer Adler for years, but I little suspected the amazing contribution he is and has been making to the improvement of mankind until I read your article . . . Pragmatism has never been or intended to be the philosophical panacea for the world's ills and weaknesses. Peirce and James never so intended it. Nor Dewey, as far as that goes. At least not during his most creative period. In its proper philosophical fields—politics, education, sociology—pragmatism served (and is still serving) a useful purpose . . .

GINO J. SIMI

Washington, D.C.

Great Screwworm Plot

Sir:

Your March 10 account of Entomologist R. C. Bushland's method of reducing the population of screwworm flies [by breeding sterile males] reminds me of the conceit that

*There was a young farmer named Graham,
Who, though bugs ate his crops, wouldn't
spray 'em.*

*He explained: "I've a droll
But effective control:*

*I just catch all the females and spray 'em."
Yours for fewer screwworms, by whatever
means.*

H. C. CROOK

East Pembroke, Mass.

The Case of the Singing Spy

Sir:

A footnote to your footnote re TIME's March 10 movie review of *s Fingers* [10th Century-Fox publicists . . . claim that the spy "Cicero" conveniently turned up in Ankara when the picture was shooting on location]:

In the interest of truth, and in defense of 10th Century-Fox's excellent publicists, I can corroborate, and if necessary substantiate, the fact that "Cicero" conveniently turned up in Ankara . . . "I was there myself . . . and I do know that this statement is correct.

OTTO LANG

Producer of *s Fingers*
20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

. . . Not only did "Cicero" conveniently turn up in Ankara during the location shooting of *s Fingers*, but I put him in touch with [Director] Joe Mankiewicz, who spent more than an hour in deep conversation with him in the gardens of the Ankara Palas Hotel. "Cicero," whose real name is Elesya Bazna ("Ulysses Diello" in the movie version), was only one of a dozen aliases adopted by this clever, unscrupulous little man during his daring exploits of espionage.

Shortly after Mankiewicz met Cicero, I turned up strong circumstantial evidence that Bazna, last July, was attempting to extract money from Soviet agents—including the chief of the MVD in Turkey. I informed the Turkish *Süretilé*, which trailed Bazna, arrested him and held him for . . . interrogations . . . He was released for want of documentary proof of his current espionage activities.

Bazna lay doggo for almost eight months, under constant Turkish police surveillance. Recently, either because he badly needed the

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STILL SMOOTHER Safety-Flow Ride—that famous combination of comfort features including the new Oriflow shock absorbers that give you more than twice the cushioning power of the ordinary type.

LOTS MORE new features!
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DEALERS COAST TO COAST

money or because his vaulting ego demanded it, he gave a private concert in Istanbul . . . (he has a melodious baritone voice). The concert drew "gate" of more than 1,000 Turkish *lira* [about \$350] . . . Baзна was seized again, the box-office receipts impounded, and he is currently under arrest . . . He is 21 years of age and the father of six children.

My bona fides in this extraordinary case are known to the Turks, to the British and to security officers of JAMMAT (Joint Allied Military Mission to Aid Turkey) . . .

RAY BROCK

New York City

TIME's thanks to Producer Lang and Foreign Correspondent Brock for their up-to-date footnotes to the spy story.—ED.

The Big Bite (Ruminations)

Sir:

Your March 10 article on taxes was timely and informative. I shed no tears for my fellow citizens who are being hit where it hurts them most. For years they approved a dishonest tax, and they deserve all they get. Unscrupulous politicians have always understood that they could depend upon the votes of those who are moved by envy, malice and all uncharitableness." The Marxian concept of graduated income and inheritance taxes was made to order for them. The Communist Manifesto advocated ten measures which should be adopted in order to bring about a dictatorship of the proletariat. Two of these measures were: "A heavy progressive or graduated income tax," and "Abolition of all right of inheritance." Well, our politicians, more concerned with votes than with the welfare of their country, have saddled us with the former, and have gone a long way toward the latter.

In 1913 I was among the many whom the income tax did not affect, but I argued against it as being dishonest. I was told that it was a small tax and should not worry anyone, even the millionaires; but I insisted that it was essentially dishonest and could become confiscatory. Nobody heeded me. I was right. Poor old John Q. Public, the perennial sucker—who almost elected W. J. Bryan, who elected F. D. Roosevelt again and again and again, and who put Harry Truman into office—had better wake up.

GEORGE ALBERT DROVIN

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Sir:

Your story on income tax was excellent. But I thought your concluding reference to the striptease artist was a cheap, spicy element, laboriously dragged in by the G-string. On second thought, however, maybe you were using the striptease as a subtle means of suggesting an obvious idea: that we shall all be doing a national striptease soon if we don't put a stop to high taxes, government graft, and international giveaway programs . . .

LAWRENCE E. BOWLING

Bristol, Tenn.

Sir:

. . . I liked that phrase, "But every dime the American taxpayer gives up has been voted out of him by his duly elected representatives." I might say the same thing about the duly elected representatives spending the tax money collected.

HUGH ELLISON

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

It's the same old story: "Them's what has it hates to part with it." Unfortunately in the U.S. today, those who have the most hate



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to be near when you use

Signature by
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HOLLYWOOD
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

For a fresh feeling that lingers for hours, use this skin-smoothing conditioner with its tingling masculine fragrance. Other Signature by MAX FACTOR Hollywood smart new grooming essentials: Deodorant Cologne, Shower Shampoo, Lazy Shave (shines that beard), Cream Hair Dressing.



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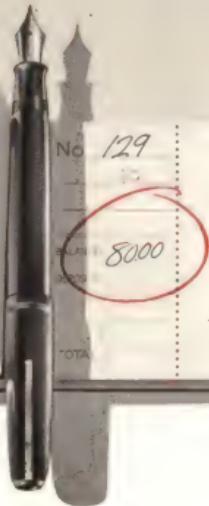
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the most to part with it . . . If it is a privilege to live in a country such as ours, then it should be a privilege to pay taxes to support it . . .

ELMER M. SHARE
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:
Your parody on Lincoln's great Gettysburg Address represents bad taste in the extreme! Years ago they were desciribing the 23rd Psalm in the same childish manner, and it wasn't especially young even then . . .

RICHARD H. WADDELL
Los Angeles

Sir:
On Friday, March 28, 1949, the Editor of "A Line O' Type Or Two" (a column in the Chicago Daily Tribune) was kind enough to publish a parody that I had written on the Gettysburg Address . . . In their issue of March 29, the Editors of TIME were kind enough to reprint my three-year-old parody on the Gettysburg Address . . . I doubt that it "has been going the rounds" for a very long time; there haven't been enough changes made in it. By my count, four single words and one phrase of ten words were changed. I would say it was only two typewriters and a bureau drawer removed from its original printing.

EVANS JONES
Chicago

TIME congratulates Author Jones, whose parody has indeed been going the rounds in Washington, attributed to that eminent writer, Anon.—ED.

Sir:
You dwell lovingly on the subject of the income tax—it's big, it hits everybody, and "you gotta." But for the main point—why the money is needed—you give no word. But back under Foreign Affairs, buried in a section on France, and captioned "Face of Disaster," you carry part of the answer:

"The French tax structure discriminates unfairly against the wage earner by levying 80% of all taxes indirectly—i.e., on food and consumer goods. Landowners and businessmen benefit from light and easily evaded personal income taxes."

The rest of it is illustrated in two pages of maps showing the ominous encroachment of Russia on Western Europe and the Far East.

NEIL STAEBLER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Word Thou Never Wert

Sir:
The price of civilization may have increased ninefold in the past quarter-century, as you suggest in your March 10 issue. But surely you need not cheapen an otherwise excellent article on taxation by attributing to Wordsworth a piece of indigestible grammar that would offend any intelligent high-school pupil: "Bryan, wouldest thou wert living at this hour." The poet might have written: "Would (that) thou wert . . ." What he did write is

*Milton! Thou shouldest be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee . . .*

Yes, Milton (or Wordsworth, or Bryan), TIME's English hath need of thee. It is: . . . a few of stagnant waters . . .

JOHN S. IRWIN
Madison, Wis.

¶ Fenny TIME bows apologetically to Milton, Wordsworth and William Jennings Bryan.—ED.

DANGEROUS PARADISE!

A man from nowhere...
a woman with nowhere to go
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RICH UNCLE

I'VE said it myself and you've probably said it, too: "Gee, I wish I had a rich uncle!"

I had one for years and never even knew it. That is, I knew I had an uncle, all right, but—well, let me tell you what happened.

My father's brother—Uncle Fred—was just a natural-born wanderer. He went to sea right after he got out of

school and traveled around the world for years as an engineer on tankers and freighters and ships of all kinds.

When I was a kid he used to stop at the house for a couple of days, sometimes for a couple of weeks. He used to bring me little souvenirs of his travels—Indian curios from Central America, a drum from Africa, coins and toys from Iceland and India, Portugal and Peru. He'd tell me about his adventures at sea, and we got along swell.

Sometimes as he was leaving, Dad or Mother would urge him to "drop anchor" in our town, but he'd always smile and say maybe someday he would.

Weeks or months later we'd get a card from him from Liverpool or Marseilles or Honolulu. He always said the same thing on his cards. "Arrived safely. This is an interesting port."

A couple of months ago Uncle Fred died suddenly on an inbound freighter just outside of San Francisco. Dad got busy at once making all the necessary arrangements and assuming the expenses.

It was then that Mr. Ashley, a New York Life agent and a good friend of Dad's for many years, came over and told us what Uncle Fred had done.

It seems that back in the days when Uncle Fred used to visit us so often, he made up his mind to do something nice for me as a way of repaying Dad and Mom for the kindness they'd shown him over the years.

Uncle Fred had met Mr. Ashley over at our house and asked his advice. Between them they had worked out a plan.

As Mr. Ashley himself said to Dad, "The most sensible thing for him was life insurance. It would build up a fund for his own old age, so he would never be a burden to you. If he died, it would help to repay you for all you had done for him."

Mr. Ashley took some papers from his briefcase and gave them to Dad to sign. Dad looked at the top one, swallowed kind of hard and said, "Are you *sure* Fred carried this much life insurance?"

"Quite sure," Mr. Ashley said. "And your brother asked me—in case I ever had to get in touch with you about this—to give you two messages. First, that he hoped you would apply part of the money you will receive toward his nephew's education. And second, that he arrived safely in an interesting port . . ."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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THE NATION

A Clear Call

Until March 11, the political words & deeds of 1952 were those of the politicians, the pundits and the pollsters. While nearly everyone agreed that Ike Eisenhower was a popular figure in the U.S., there was some doubt whether his popularity could be extended into the ballot box, and still more about whether it would be effective at the Republican National Convention.

Then the people began to have their say. The absent Ike's victory over a campaigning Senator Robert Taft in New Hampshire on March 11 was impressive enough. But when the Republican voters of Minnesota went to the polls through snow and mud and wrote in Ike's name nearly 107,000 times, the clear call was unmistakable. Linked together, the results of New Hampshire and Minnesota became a striking and momentous demonstration that an Eisenhower boom of tremendous proportions is sweeping across the land.

Politician Bob Taft could see it. He withdrew from the New Jersey primary, where he would have faced another direct test with Ike. From his headquarters across the Atlantic, Dwight Eisenhower could see it. Said he: "The mounting numbers of my fellow citizens who are voting to make me the Republican nominee are forcing me to re-examine my personal position and past decisions."

Close friends said Ike had decided that, because of his growing political stature, it is his duty to resign as NATO commander and return to the U.S. before the end of May. After he made that decision, Ike's state of mind was reported as "very happy."

Around Ike's headquarters in France, correspondents began to hear talk about a tentative schedule:

¶ April 2, a television report to the U.S. people (it will be made on film in Europe), covering progress during the year he has been NATO commander and explaining that the European defense program is now well under way.

¶ May 18, his first speech in the U.S., at the Columbia University-sponsored "American Assembly," in Harriman, N.Y. Subject: foreign policy.

¶ Later, a speech at West Point, to expand on his conviction that American military spending can be slashed if the armed

services are really unified and streamlined. ¶ A speech in his home town, Abilene, Kans., on domestic issues.

Eisenhower's main task will be to help in translating popular sentiment into enthusiastic Ike delegates. Many a politico, impressed by the New Hampshire and Minnesota votes, is now wavering or moving reluctantly into the Eisenhower camp under popular pressure. If they can shake



CARTOONIST'S EISENHOWER
The people began to have their say.

Ike's hand and exchange views with him, they will feel a lot better—and the Ike campaign will be protected against the possibility of a Taft-MacArthur drive in the convention hall.

This is a job that nobody can do on Ike's behalf. An impressive sample of Americans has given him as clear a call as a man can get from the people under the present primary setup. They like Ike, in spite of his absence, because he is not a professional politician, because they think he understands the issues on which peace and war depend, because he shares their suspicion of the mushrooming bureaucratic state.

If Ike stayed in Europe through the convention, the popular groundswell might be thwarted by political manipulation. He has recognized that an important part of the duty imposed by the clear call of New Hampshire and Minnesota is to come home this spring.

POLITICS

The Minnesota Explosion

The Eisenhower organization in Minnesota was a scale model of what a political machine should not be. Head of Minnesotans for Eisenhower was white-haired Bradshaw Mintener, 49-year-old vice president and general counsel of Pillsbury Mills. Amateur Mintener and most of his workers were ready & willing, but inexperienced. "Headquarters" was an ill-furnished, dingy, rent-free storeroom in downtown Minneapolis. For a while there were three telephones, but two were disconnected to save on the bill.

"Drive for Five." When Mintener wanted to enter Ike in the Minnesota primary, the headmen of the Eisenhower-for-President movement in Washington said no. That was Friend Harold Stassen's territory, they said, and should not be violated. But the Minnesotans entered a slate of delegates for Ike, anyway. Some legal technicalities weren't complied with, and the State Supreme Court threw the slate off the ballot. When that happened, 13,000 undistributed "I Like Ike" buttons were shipped on for use in South Dakota.

After Ike's victory in New Hampshire, one of the Minnesota eager beavers had an idea. Maybe they could get some write-in votes for Ike, thought young (32) Forst Lowery, Minneapolis Safety Council manager. He asked for a state ruling on whether write-ins would be counted. Just four days before the primary the answer came from the statehouse: yes.

The Mintener machine wheeled into action. Zealous crusaders began a "drive for five" telephone-call campaign: everyone called five friends, urged a write-in for Ike and asked each friend to call five more. On primary eve, Mintener figured his organization had spent just \$600 on the write-in campaign. Said he: "If we get as many as 10,000 or 15,000 write-ins for Ike, I'll be thrilled."

"On Their Heads." Primary day—the first presidential primary in Minnesota since 1916—brought rain, snow and mud. A light vote was expected. But not long after the polls opened, election workers knew something strange was happening. Voters were sloshing through the weather in unexpected numbers. In St. Paul, Duluth, Austin and St. Louis Park (a Minneapolis suburb), where voting machines are used, an astonishing number of voters were going through a tedious process. They

had to push aside a metal cover on a vertical write-in slot 1½ in. long, reach up (the slot was 5 ft. 9 in. from the floor) to write a name vertically, from the bottom of the slot to the top. "Damn near had to stand on their heads, I guess," said Ramsey County (St. Paul) Auditor Eugene A. Monick. At many polling places where machines were not used, the supply of ballots ran out. Some voters stood in line for hours, finally wrote their choice on scratch paper initiated by the election judges.

When clerks began to tabulate the vote, they discovered what the voters had written: Dwight D. Eisenhower, Eisenhauer, Easonhauer, Isenhouer, Eneshower, Izennour, Ikenhoner, Ike. As the returns came in, politicians across the U.S. listened in amazement. This week the unofficial count gave Ike 106,046 write-in votes to 128,605 for Favorite Son Stassen, whose name was printed on the ballot* and listed on the voting machines. While Stassen got more votes than any other candidate, the total write-in vote was greater than his. This blow in his home state, after he ran a poor third in New Hampshire, made it clear that Harold Stassen is doggedly running nowhere.

"Humble Thank You." The New York Times' Arthur Krock, a man not given to careless superlatives, called the Minnesota vote "qualitatively the most spontaneous outburst in history of political preference in this country."† Mrs. Alma Thompson, who led 79 other elderly women from a Minneapolis home for the aged to the polls to write in for Ike, explained what happened: "We were just waiting for the chance to vote for General Eisenhower, because he's a born leader, and leadership is what the country needs."

In France, General Eisenhower was "astonished." Said he: "I count it an additional compliment that some refused to be dismayed by the long Eisenhower name and simply wrote in Ike." Then he sent a cable to Friend Mintener: "To you, personally, and to the more than 100,000 Minnesotans who paid me the great compliment of writing my name on the ballot, I send a very humble 'thank you.'"

Many politicians and pundits thought this would be a signal for the Ike men in Washington to set up write-in campaigns against Stassen in Nebraska April 1 (where a Taft write-in movement is under way), against Taft and Stassen in Illinois April 8, and in West Virginia on May 13. But Eisenhower headquarters seemed way be-

* There were other considerable write-in votes, but all were dwarfed by Ike's total, Bob Taft had 24,019. On the Democratic side, Favorite Son Hubert Humphrey, a Truman stand-in whose name was printed on the ballot, polled 99,199 votes, while Estes Kefauver's name was written in 19,868 times and Harry Truman's 3,644.

† In 1932, Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee of New York polled 235,501 write-in votes after a vigorous press campaign against Tammany Hall. But Tammanyite John P. O'Brien was elected with 1,056,115 votes. In 1944, Tom Dewey received 146,706 write-ins in the Pennsylvania presidential primary, after a long, well-organized campaign in a primary with no names printed on the ballot.

hind their candidate's popular strength. This week Eisenhower supporters in Nebraska started a write-in campaign, but complained that they had not received authorization or money from national headquarters.

Retreat from Jersey

The name of Robert A. Taft was entered in the New Jersey presidential primary on March 6, when the Taft campaign seemed to be rolling with gathering force toward the Republican nomination. That was before Ike Eisenhower walloped Taft in New Hampshire, and before the spectacular call for Ike in Minnesota. Last week, as the lens began to focus on New Jersey, Jersey's Governor Alfred E. Driscoll publicly announced what political ob-

position taken by the governor in recent weeks . . . Up to the very last opportunity on my part to withdraw or take any other action, the governor maintained his show of neutrality . . . Let the public judge whether or not this is in the interest of fair play or political treachery."

Many a Republican was astonished at this intemperate cry from Taft, who has been using as much regular Republican support as he can get—and that is considerable—in his own primary campaign.

"The Only Reason." Driscoll denied that any word was broken and offered some biting comment: "The supporters of Senator Taft, who include many of our fine citizens, must be sadly disillusioned by the Senator's decision. It is hard for me to believe that what I have read are the words of Senator Taft, for they are obviously the words of poor losers. The record is clear. I have consistently said that I would state my personal preference before the April 15 primary . . . In announcing that my personal preference for the nomination is General Eisenhower, I clearly stated . . . that I would be bound by any decisive vote in our preferential primary, and that if Senator Taft won the nomination I would support him with all the vigor and energy at my command . . . If my personal preference had happened to be Senator Taft, would he then have charged that I destroyed the intent of the preferential primary? . . . The unmistakable fact is that the Taft drive has collapsed as a result of successive setbacks in New Hampshire and Minnesota, and because of the tremendous ground swell of Eisenhower support among the independent-thinking people of New Jersey. That is the reason—and the only reason—Senator Taft has withdrawn . . ."

Although the withdrawal deadline had passed, New Jersey officials this week prepared to grant Taft's request and take his name off the ballot. The retreat from Jersey left no state, except possibly South Dakota, in which Taft will have to face another direct test of popularity with Ike.

United Press
NEW JERSEY'S DRISCOLL
After a ho-hum attitude, an angry blast.

servers had long known: he favors Eisenhower.

A Changed Tune. At first Driscoll's announcement didn't seem to bother Bob Taft at all. "We've known Governor Driscoll has been for Ike for months," he told reporters. But within 48 hours his ho-hum attitude had changed. Taft fired an angry blast:

"Because Governor Driscoll has broken his word and has obviously taken steps to corrupt the intent of the preference primary in New Jersey, I have decided not to contend for the preference vote in the New Jersey primary on April 15. Reversing his previous position, Governor Driscoll . . . announced his open support of General Eisenhower, and one of his leading political associates . . . said at the same time that the state Republican organization will actively campaign for the election of General Eisenhower . . .

"It is an atmosphere in which there cannot be a fair contest . . . This action by the governor and other Republican leaders of the state directly repudiates the

Beefed-Up Bandwagon

The Eisenhower bandwagon got ready for the big pull last week by shifting some loads and adding some new wheels. At a Washington press conference, Campaign Manager Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. introduced ex-ECAdministrator Paul G. Hoffman as the full-time adviser of the Citizens for Eisenhower committee. Hoffman, just back from a visit with Ike at SHAPE, will take a leave from the presidency of the Ford Foundation to work as principal salesman, idea man and talent scout of the Ike campaign.

To serve as chairman of the Citizens committee, Hoffman brought along W. Walter Williams, Seattle businessman and chairman of the Washington State Republican Committee. Williams and Hoffman are old friends: when Hoffman gave up the chairmanship of the Committee for Economic Development in 1948 to take on his ECA job, Williams was elected CED chairman on Hoffman's recommendation.

On to Wisconsin

Until last week, Wisconsin's Republican presidential primary on April 1 seemed likely to be cut & dried. By all the signs, Bob Taft, backed by Wisconsin G.O.P. Boss Tom Coleman and National Committeeman Cyrus Philipp, was going to be a shoo-in over California's Governor Earl Warren and Harold Stassen. But after Ike Eisenhower's great day in next-door Minnesota, a slogan began to sweep across Wisconsin: "A vote for Warren is a vote for Eisenhower."

Hyphenated Candidate. The basis for the slogan had existed in Wisconsin ever since Warren entered, but now the spotlight was focused on Warren-Eisenhower, the hyphenated candidate. Warren insisted he was running on his own. But the core of his slate was made up of old Progressives, including ex-Governor Phil La Follette, who are Eisenhower men at heart. They turned to Warren because they could not get Ike to run.

One day Ralph M. Immell, a Warren delegate-at-large candidate, made an announcement: "As an old pioneer in the drive to make Eisenhower President of the United States, I urge every Wisconsin friend of his cause to cast his or her ballot for Governor Warren in the coming primary." Then the 30 Warren-pledged delegates announced that they would switch to Ike if Warren could not get the nomination. "Warren-Eisenhower" clubs sprang up. Pro-Ike newspapers urged a vote for the California governor, carefully pointed out that write-in votes would not be counted in Wisconsin.

Big, smiling Earl Warren was trundling casually through the state, meeting the folks. At Truesdell, he made a little speech to a small group in a room next to the bar at Bloxorf's tavern (some of the boys brought in their glasses while they listened). At a rally in Racine, he talked to 1,500. He was making friends.

At Work: 6,000. While the Warren-Ike idea grew, Taft was rolling through the state. At Mondovi, two bearded farmers, W. G. Cashmore and John Sessions, were on hand to greet Bob in front of the cameras. They informed him that they voted for his father in 1908. Often asked what he thinks about Wisconsin's own Senator McCarthy, Taft said he thinks Joe "is doing a great job . . . He has contended that there is Communism in the State Department and he has proven it."

Six thousand Taft workers were ringing doorbells, saturating the state with newspaper ads, radio programs, buttons, auto-bumper cards and literature. Taft & Co. were shooting the works in boom-busting Wisconsin.* Campaign Manager Dave Ingalls had said: "If we don't win in Wisconsin we'd better go home."

* The Wisconsin record: In 1940, Arthur Vandenberg's candidacy faded after Tom Dewey beat him 2-1. In 1944, Wendell Willkie withdrew as a candidate after he ran behind Dewey, Stassen and General MacArthur. In 1948, MacArthur's stock as a candidate fell after Stassen beat him.

If Taft and the G.O.P. organization took all 30 delegates they could count it a victory. If they lost ten or more to Warren, the Wisconsin primary could be counted as a Taft defeat.

High v. Low

Oklahoma's Bob Kerr was roaring around Nebraska campaigning for votes in the April 1 presidential primary. It was a high-pressure campaign. A man who will run if Truman doesn't, Kerr had the support of Old Pal Jim Quigley, perennial Democratic national committeeman, and plenty of money. He had billboards, posters, radio and television shows and 300,000 copies of a campaign newspaper.

Last week Mr. Low Pressure himself arrived. Estes Kefauver, the man Kerr

Squirrel Prey

In sunny California, some rain is always falling into the lives of Democrats. Last month the party's high command in Washington decided to raise an umbrella over the longtime split between the party's left wing, led by James Roosevelt, and its right wing, led by wealthy Rancher E. George Luckey. Beneath the umbrella, veteran Congressman Harry Sheppard put together a 76-member slate of "regular" delegates to the national convention, fusing the left and the right. They were held together by Sheppard's firm promise that Harry Truman would stay in California's June 3 primary, even if he decided not to run for re-election.

Last week, after Estes Kefauver



FARMERS CASHMORE & SESSIONS & FRIEND AT MONDOVI
In a boom-busting state, a two-headed slogan.

Associated Press

was out to beat, flew into Omaha with a bad cold, called the press, radio and television men around him. He was in this alone, explained Kefauver. He had little money, no machine. "I'm not an orator or a great speaker," he said. "I just want to meet people, and discuss . . . issues with them." Then, with snowstorms crippling his schedule, he headed across the state, shook hand wherever he found one stuck out of a sleeve. He stopped at a cattle sales barn outside North Platte, made a short speech from the auctioneer's stand. At Lexington, when he had to wait until 3 a.m. for a train, he stretched out on a hard bench, pulled his hat over his eyes, and took a nap. Beside him he carefully laid Lexington's gift, a huge wooden key to the city.

After three days in the state, some Nebraskans were comparing him to Lincoln, and Kefauver was ready with a prediction: "I think we can win." Reporters who followed both candidates through low-pressure, anti-Truman Nebraska were inclined to agree.

knocked him down in New Hampshire, Harry Truman abruptly pulled out of the California race, where he would have faced Coonskin Estes again. The orphaned Truman delegation began looking for another candidate. Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson seemed a good possibility, but he wouldn't step in. Former Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas offered to run as a favorite daughter, but Luckey's conservative element wouldn't accept her—toe-left-wing. The motley 76 finally agreed that they couldn't agree on any candidate. Sadly, they wandered off in different directions, looking for candidates. A "Democrats-for-Eisenhower" delegation was being discussed.

Grinning across the fence was the delegation of Democrats running behind Estes Kefauver. The regulars had scornfully tagged them "political bastards." Now, it looks as if the 76 Kefauver delegates will go to the convention, and also name the new national committeeman and committeewoman for California.

It was a bitter blow for National Com-

mitteeman Roosevelt, who backed General Eisenhower and tried to ditch Truman in 1948, got let down by Truman in 1952. Nothing seemed to be going right for him. Before the week was out, a squirrel ran up his pants leg and bit his right thigh. Moaned Jimmy, after a nurse at the Beverly Hills emergency hospital cauterized the wound: "It seems things are getting tougher for Democrats—all over."

Stevenson Speaks

Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson, considered one of the top Democratic presidential prospects if Harry Truman doesn't run, last week spoke up on the subject. At a Democratic Jackson Day dinner in Springfield, Stevenson said: "This is the season of our political cycle when men dream dreams and see visions—mostly of

A few days later, in uniform, he appeared at Jackson, Miss., and in a distinctly political speech, charged the Truman Administration with waste, graft, high taxes, political greed and socialism. Said MacArthur: "Whether it be by accident or design, such policy, formulated with reckless indifference to the preservation of constitutional liberty and our free enterprise economy, coupled with the rapid centralization of power in the hands of a few, is leading us toward a Communist state with as dreadful certainty as though the leaders of the Kremlin themselves were charting the course."

He turned to the stalemated Korean truce talks. Though negotiations have been under way for eight months, "the only noticeable result is that the enemy has gained time to bring up artillery, air

years ago when life was simpler and gentler. The world has turned over many times since then, and those years of old have vanished, tone and tint; they have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were."

Bygone days, he said, recalled "a land of used-to-be, watered by tears and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday . . . filled with ghosts from far off fields in khaki, and olive drab, in navy blue and air corps grey."

"I can almost hear the faint, far whisper of their forgotten songs. Youth, strength, aspirations, struggles, triumphs, despairs, wide winds sweeping, beacons flashing across uncharted depths, faint bugles sounding reveille, far drums beating the long roll, the wail of sirens, the crash of guns, the thud of bombs, the rattle of musketry—the still white crosses."

Who's for Whom

¶ Maryland's Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin (his state's fourth Republican governor in 70 years) nodded cautiously in the direction of Dwight Eisenhower. Said he: "It would be in the best interests of the Republican Party and the country as a whole for Eisenhower to return at once."

¶ The Washington Post, which usually does not endorse presidential aspirants, lined up squarely for Eisenhower. Truman against Taft, said the Post, would be Tweedleum against Tweedledee. "Eisenhower would be the dynamic force to rejuvenate our politics . . . restore our political health and give new life to our institutions."

THE PRESIDENCY

Poverty Poker

Harry Truman's March vacation at Key West was a success, by non-political standards. He managed to keep his work to a minimum and cut the number of visitors to a new low. The temperature was amiable, the water warm, and the poker brisk and profitable.

The poker game, in fact, took up the best part of the presidential vacation. Truman, Harry Vaughan, Press Secretary Joe Short, Air Force Aide General Robert Landry, Speechwriter Charles Murphy and the other regulars dealt the cards about 4 o'clock every afternoon. They played until 7, took time out for dinner, picked up again at 8:30 and kept going until 11 o'clock. Their game: "poverty" or "Depression" poker. Each week each player puts up \$100. If he loses his hundred he continues to play on a dole, thus has a chance to win back his money and can—in any event—keep his losses to a maximum of \$100 a week. Biggest bluffer: Harry Truman. Big winner: Harry Vaughan.

This week the President will cash his chips and fly home to move from Blair House back into the renovated White House. First stop on the post-vacation schedule: the big \$100-a-plate Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Washington, March 29.



THE MACARTHURS IN LITTLE ROCK

Beyond a freshened image, the sound of far drums beating.

the White House. Well, I'm not one of them.

"I want to run for governor of Illinois—and that's all.

"And I want to be re-elected governor—and that's all.

"And I want to finish some work we have under way here in Illinois—and that's all."

Prospect & Retrospect

It takes a fast dollyman on the camera to keep Douglas MacArthur in focus.

After the Minnesota primary dealt a heavy blow to Robert Taft's chances, General MacArthur last week suddenly appeared at the front of the stage. He was discussed more seriously as a presidential possibility than at any time since last summer. MacArthur responded by saying that he was not a candidate, but he also pointed to an earlier statement that he would not "shrink . . . from accepting any public duty to which I might be called by the American people."

and mechanical transport and to perfect his antiaircraft defenses and communications, all to gain strength where once his weakness was most pronounced . . .

"Our failure . . . in Korea will probably mean the ultimate loss of all of continental Asia to international Communism."

Such talk, both sensible and bold, inspires a lot of Americans to think of Douglas MacArthur as the man the country needs in the White House. Yet no sooner had MacArthur freshened his image as a contemporary statesman, than he began fading back again into the shadows. This week he visited Little Rock, Ark., where he was born 72 years ago while his father, Arthur MacArthur, was in command of the old Army arsenal. Obviously caught in the sentiment of the occasion, Douglas MacArthur, in fine, old-fashioned prose, deliberately stressed his heaviest political liability: his age. "For me," he said, in what proved to be a thoroughly nonpolitical speech, "the shadows are deepening. I left Little Rock long, long

The Underscored Blunder

Walking confidently out of a three-day visit with Harry Truman in Key West last week, Democratic National Chairman Frank McKinney faced correspondents with the air of a man who has been so close to the horse's mouth that he could count the teeth.

Is the President going to run? McKinney implied strongly that the answer was hinged to peace in Korea: if peace is achieved, the President "will have considered his job well done . . . It may be wishful thinking on my part, but it is hoped that the Korean situation can be resolved either by convention time or at the latest by election time." Atop this startling intelligence McKinney threw two more tips: 1) he hoped the President would declare his intentions by May 15, when the Democrats must make final arrangements for the July convention, and 2) if Truman decides against running, he will not dictate the choice of his successor. "It will be an open convention," said McKinney, "I am not quoting him but I can say that I voice his sentiments."

Next day the horse bit McKinney's head off. In a restrained snarl, the President told a press conference that Korea does not enter into the politics of this country at all. It has no bearing whatsoever on what the President decides to do. Was McKinney close on the May 15 date? The President will announce, snapped the President, when he has got good & ready—at his own time and best. Will there be an open convention? He can't answer that question, said the President, until he decides—. Then Harry Truman carefully rephrased: The President can't answer that question until he announces what he is going to do himself—and if he announces for the nomination it will not be an open convention. There never has been an open convention, he went on, when a President made up his mind he wanted the nomination.

At week's end, organization Democrats were still shivering. It was bad enough for McKinney to have timed the Korean war with the calendar of Democratic politics. But it was twice as bad to have Harry Truman underscore the blunder, compound the confusion, and all but destroy the effectiveness of the national chairman just four months before the convention.

THE CONGRESS

Peace Ratified

The bipartisan front, so shattered elsewhere, held firm last week as the Senate closed debate on ratification of the peace treaty with Japan. A heavy majority of Democrats and Republicans, 66 to 10,* voted for ratification of the treaty drafted last September in San Francisco. They

* The "No" votes: one Democrat—Nevada's Pat McCarran, and nine Republicans—Illinois' Dirksen, Idaho's Welker and Dworshak, Montana's Ecton, Indiana's Jenner, Missouri's Kem, Nevada's Malone, Wisconsin's McCarthy, North Dakota's Young.



Associated Press

CHAIRMAN MCKINNEY
The horse could bite a man's head off.

followed up by approving the three mutual defense treaties with Japan, the Philippines and Australia-New Zealand, that frame U.S. security in the Pacific.

In the Senate gallery, watching with quiet satisfaction as the peace was ratified, sat the treaty's chief architect, John Foster Dulles. The Republican statesman, who was drafted as special ambassador and adviser by the Democratic Administration to work out the settlement with Japan, feels that his diplomatic job is now done. He is ready to leave the Administration and to speak up, on the side of the Republican opposition, for a more effective U.S. policy.



Harris & Ewing

SENATOR NIXON
Henry could keep his mouth shut.

Dulles, in recent weeks, has been saying, in effect, that containment of Communist aggression is no longer enough. It is time for the free world to turn from the defensive, to seize the initiative for freedom. Dulles' policy, as culled from his public statements:

¶ "Never before in our history have we adopted a defeatist attitude toward despotism . . . We must adopt a positive policy and get away from the idea that the [Communist] overrunning of China is the final, last word."

¶ "If we tried to build a defensive system of 25,000 miles [i.e., containment], we would merely compound the French stupidity [i.e., the Maginot line] 100 times."

¶ "The Communism of Soviet Russia and its satellites represents today the active, dynamic element and the free world represents the static, passive element . . . The U.S. . . . can be destroyed by forces that, in themselves, seem weak—if those forces are active and if we are passive."

"A Question of Some Checks"

In the midst of the Senate debate on the Japanese Treaty Maine's Owen Brewster got a message and hustled off the floor. A few moments later, on the House side of the Capitol, he settled down amiably in the witness chair before the King subcommittee investigating tax scandals. Said Brewster: "I do not know precisely what has been brought out here. I understand there is a question of some checks."

The question had come up while Committee Counsel Adrian DeWind was ferreting through the financial records of Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, the mysterious, too-sick-to-testify Washington influence man who keeps popping up in stories of tax influence peddling (*TIME*, Dec. 17 *et seq.*). In Grunewald's records, Counsel DeWind had found a \$10,000 deposit and five other deposits totaling \$16,500, identified by the symbol "Br." Grunewald's tax consultant explained that "Br" was Owen Brewster.

"I am not familiar with all of these," said Senator Brewster briskly, "but I have the records of this \$10,000 item . . . which is covered by my check of May 8, 1950, I believe." His explanation: as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee in 1950, he thought it advisable to help out California's Richard Nixon and North Dakota's Milton Young in their primary campaigns. Under campaign rules, Brewster was not allowed to spend the committee's money in primaries to help one Republican against another, but he felt that these were exceptional cases and he personally borrowed \$10,000 to help Nixon and Young. "I did not want to do it directly myself . . . so I spoke to Mr. Grunewald and asked him whether he would act as a conduit for the transaction . . . In the course of time, for which I was profoundly grateful, [Nixon and Young] were nominated [and] entitled to the \$5,000 grant from the committee . . . They repaid me the money." Why had he chosen Grunewald (at one

point Brewster referred to him as "Henry") for such a confidential mission? Said Brewster: "He was apparently well known to members on both sides of the chamber. I think the one who originally spoke highly of him to me was Vice President Barkley . . . as well as Senator Holland of Florida . . . I didn't realize all that was involved, but if I wanted to get a man who had a capacity to keep his mouth shut . . . I didn't realize he was that good." (Laughter.)

Brewster departed with another smile and a word of thanks for the committee's courtesy, and the mystery of Henry Grunewald was more mysterious than ever.

PRICES

Drop

Washington reported the first drop since June in the cost of living index: 0.6% from 180.1 to 187.9 (100 equals the 1935-39 average). The main causes: cheaper fruits, vegetables and eggs, clothing and house furnishings. The drop meant a pay cut of 1¢ an hour for 1,250,000 railwaymen and 40,000 aircraft workers whose wages are tied to the cost of living in union contracts (in this case using the old index, which fell 0.9% from 190.2 to 188.3).

LABOR

Paralysis Deferred

A strike of the nation's 650,000 United Steelworkers (C.I.O.) seemed so inevitable that mills had begun banking their furnaces when the Wage Stabilization Board sat down in Washington one evening last week for a final, desperate attempt at mediation. At dawn, the chairman, Nathan P. Feinsinger, 49, a University of Wisconsin law professor, fainted from exhaustion. The board recessed until evening. At 9:30, just 7½ hours before the strike deadline, its twelve haggard members emerged with a majority recommendation.

Its terms, as Feinsinger explained them, would grant the union wage and fringe benefits, such as paid holidays, which would eventually cost the companies 26.4¢ per man-hour (present average hourly wage: \$1.81). The union demands had totaled about 35¢. The labor members induced the public members to join with them in recommending a union shop.

The steelworkers' policy committee accepted the package with whoops of joy; they set a new strike deadline for April 8. The steel companies bitterly labeled the proposal "unfair and unreasonable." They reiterated their previous stand that "the best interests of the public would be served by no increase in wages [or] prices," and estimated that the proposal would boost the cost of a ton of steel by \$12 a ton (present price: about \$100).

That put the Government, and the public, squarely on the griddle. The Wage Stabilization Board's proposal seemed to be the only alternative to a crippling

strike, but to support it would lead inevitably to more inflation. The other big unions waiting in the wings (e.g., John L. Lewis' miners) would insist on similar increases—and employers would insist on price increases to pay the wages.

At week's end, President Truman called Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson down to Key West to talk over the problem. The Government had some leeway; the steel industry was owed a price increase, of perhaps \$2 a ton, under the Capehart Amendment allowing for post-Korean cost rises up to July 1951. The question was how much higher to go above that. The steel companies were scheduled this week to resume direct negotiations with the union, broken off in December. But the talks would probably just mark time until Truman and Wilson decided how big the steel price increase should be.



Brown Brothers
HETTY GREEN & DAUGHTER
With four cakes of soap.

SEQUELS

Mother Knew Better

Hetty Green well deserved her reputation as "The Witch of Wall Street." A genius at stock speculation and a hardened moneyhags, she was ever ready to foreclose on a church mortgage or haggle over the price of a peck of potatoes. She lived in grubby solitude in a \$12-a-week boarding house in Hoboken. When she died in 1913, she left \$100 million fortune—and a daughter trained in most respects to carry on.

Like her mother, Mrs. Hetty Sylvia Howland Green Wilks was a lonely, frugal recluse. She dwelt alone in a Manhattan apartment, wore cheap, drab clothing, doted on newspaper comic strips. After her death a year ago at 80, officials found her will stuffed in a tin cabinet along with four cakes of soap. It cut off her closest relative, a cousin, with \$5,000 (later raised to \$140,000 after court action), divided

most of the fortune among 63 charities and educational institutions.

Last week in Manhattan, administrators announced that the estate's value came to some \$95 million. The list of assets included 36 pages of bonds, eight pages of blue-chip stocks, e.g., \$2.8 million worth of Dow Chemical. Then came a final, eccentric footnote. As Mrs. Wilks' biggest single asset, the tabulation revealed a personal checking account which she had used for everything from \$2 light meals to multimillion-dollar business deals. The balance at her death: \$31 million.

Even in Government bonds that much money would earn at least \$600,000 a year; in a checking account it earned nothing. Bankers said they had never heard of anything like it. Said one: "Her mother, old Hetty, would never have let her money lie idle like that."

ARMED FORCES

Crash Landing

Just after 10 one morning last week, Mrs. Mary S. Dempsey, 38, and Mrs. Bertha E. Johnston, 53, teed off down the tree-lined seventh fairway of the Timuqua Country Club at Jacksonville. At the same time, at the nearby Jacksonville Naval Air Station, Ensign Charles L. Greenwood took off in a Corsair fighter on a training mission.

Minutes later the two women lined their second shots toward the green. Overhead the Corsair's engine coughed and failed. Greenwood rolled the fighter into a vertical bank, hoping to get back to the airfield, or at least to ditch in the St. Johns River. He realized that he could not make it, looked desperately below, headed for the only open spot.

The two women, unaware of the plane, were walking down the fairway again, chatting. Their caddy, off to one side, saw the Corsair bearing silently down from behind, billowing smoke. His warning shout was carried away by the wind. The women did not have a chance to turn their heads before they were struck and killed by the windmilling propeller. The plane plowed on across the green sod, crashed into a pine grove and burst into flames.

Pilot Greenwood escaped with minor injuries and was watching the fire when the caddy rushed up with his news. "I didn't see them," Greenwood sobbed. "I didn't see them."

MANNERS & MORALS

Big Red from Charing X

Manhattan dockworkers, who have seen nearly everything in their day, gaped last week as the Cunard liner *Parthia* began unloading her cargo. Out of the hold swung three new red double-decker London motorbuses: their sides were plastered with ads for English cigarettes, cars and marmalade; their Dunlop "tyres" were heavy-treaded. And No. 11, the leader of the big reds, still bore her route markings: "BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, CHARING

X (for Charing Cross), STRAND, ST. PAUL'S, LIVERPOOL STREET."

The landing was the first act of a bright stunt to promote U.S. travel to Britain. In the next 17 weeks, the buses and a British promotion entourage will swing through 40 major U.S. cities from coast to coast. For the cockney drivers, the first big test was to shake off a lifetime of keeping left in London's traffic; grimly they swung into right-hand U.S. traffic behind a police escort as they worked from the river over toward the welcoming ceremonies in midtown Manhattan.

The drivers—their accent, their team-making equipment and their reactions to the U.S.—provided the best newspaper copy. Said one, after cruising down Madison Avenue: "It's the pace you live that worries me more than the traffic. You've got no provision for the pedestrian."

The Londoners' biggest shock was the discovery that most New York drivers operate one-man buses, take tickets, give transfers and dole out change. Said London with some justice: "I can't see 'ow 'e can attend to 'is proper job if 'e 'as to do sums in 'is 'ead."

DISASTERS

The Big Sweep

A warm, moist air mass from the Gulf of Mexico lay still and sultry across the South last week, and a sharp, cold front was advancing ominously from the north. It was just after lunchtime in the little (pop. 1,200) town of Dierks, Ark., when people began to glance nervously at a sash of black cloud across the sky. Suddenly, between glances, the twister was there: a long, snarling black snout that reached from cloud to earth and spun its way toward town with a roar of a low-flying air armada.

Carl Young Jr. heard the roar, grabbed up his wife and two youngsters, and hustled them into the family car parked at the curb in front of the house. He rolled up the windows and set the brakes. The car bucked and bounced, both headlights fell off and a tire exploded, but while their house fell apart, the Youngs survived. In three houses near the Youngs lived four generations of the Allen family, side by side. Six Allens, ranging from the great grandparents to an eight-month-old baby, were killed. Only a concrete porch was left to show where they lived.

The twister slashed a blockwide path through Dierks, exploded houses, scattered wrecked furniture for half a mile. It twisted the tops off pines and stripped the feathers off chickens. The storm pushed on northeastward across Arkansas, spawned three more tornadoes to hit at Carlisle, Hazen, Cotton Plant, Bald Knob, Marked Tree and other towns. In Judsonia (pop. 1,200), one twister crumpled the water tower like a used Dixie Cup, left nothing of the bank building except the concrete vault. It picked up Johnny Jordan's car, spun it around and catapulted Johnny to a safe landing, then set the car down relatively undamaged atop an oil tank.

Before the storm was spent, it had scorched through southern Missouri, hopped the Mississippi River to swipe at Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee (where, in the little town of Henderson, one single puff demolished 18 houses). Behind it came cold rain, freezing weather and misery. At week's end, National Guard units and Red Cross crews moved in to the rescue. Estimated damage: 250 dead, 2,500 injured, 1,000 homes destroyed, another 1,500 damaged.

THE GREAT LAKES Creeping Calamity

A great natural phenomenon, slow in pace but immensely damaging to the works of man, has begun to affect the Great Lakes to a calamitous degree. The level of this inland waterway, the world's

inundated, and the Air Force's Selfridge Field is threatened. Detroit is diking its famous Belle Isle amusement park. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad has spent \$2,500,000 to save 1½ miles of track along Lake Michigan. At Cleveland, homeowner John Wirtz is moving his big stucco house; when he bought it eleven years ago, Lake Erie's edge was 250 ft. away. On the Canadian shore, at Toronto, the mayor has urged evacuation of the 4,500 residents of Toronto Island.

The problem is plainly too big for local, state or provincial solution. On both sides of the Great Lakes border, public pressure is mounting for a U.S.-Canadian conference on the situation.

Age by Age? The cause of the high water is far from clear. Undoubtedly, last year's heavy rains in the Great Lakes basin contributed. Some authorities think



Associated Press

DEBRIS OF 18 TORNADO-STRIKED HOUSES IN HENDERSON, TENN.

Between glances, the snarling snout was there.

biggest and most important, is steadily rising.

Last week, from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario, the water line stood as much as four feet above normal. Spring thaws may boost levels two feet higher. The creeping flood has done enormous property damage. For example, in the state of Michigan alone, the official estimate is \$1 billion just for this year.

Day by Day. Like the rising water, the damage accumulates insidiously, seldom making headlines. The pattern is undermined foundations, fouled water mains, backed-up sewers, shore-line erosion at a rate of a few feet a year. Said a bitter Great Lakes homeowner last week: "If we were the victims of a flash flood, we would have sympathy from everyone throughout the country. Instead what we have here is a day-by-day eating away of land and homes, and nobody ever hears about it."

The U.S. Army base at Oscoda, Mich. is

that logging in the watershed has increased the run-off into the lakes. Another theory is that geological changes may account for the phenomenon: across the northern half of the continent the earth's crust is rising, a process that began when the Ice Age glaciers melted away 25,000 years ago. This, runs the theory, has a tilting effect on the Great Lakes basin, spilling water toward the southern shores, and gradually raising water levels as much as 1.1 feet per century.

Whatever the cause, the water continues to rise. One effect of the higher level is to make Great Lakes storms ever more dangerous and destructive. Last week a northeast gale, whipping down Lake Erie, caused havoc in the Toledo-Detroit-Windsor area. Rough waters boiled over breakwaters and dikes, wrecked docks and boathouses, swept as far as a mile inland. More than 500 people were evacuated, and scores of homes were smashed by one of the worst floods in Great Lakes history.

NEWS IN PICTURES



STEEL-HELMETED POLICE use their rifle butts to drive back expectant crowd, pressing forward for closer view of the execution.



LAST CIGARETTE is given to the prisoners as they arrive in van.

DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD

Against a cemetery wall in Guatemala City last week, five convicted murderers were shot, in due process of Guatemalan law. The condemned were a servant boy named Panchito Ovando and four cronies. Their crime was a bloody one; they had tried to rob a house, and murdered five members of the family with machetes and icepicks.

By the time the prisoners faced the 40-man firing squad, a morbid crowd of 5,000 men, women and children had gathered to watch the shooting. Occupants of nearby houses were selling balcony and roof space at \$1 a head. When at last the volley rang out, the crowd held its breath, then surged forward for a last lingering look at the ridged corpses and the bullet-pocked, blood-spattered cemetery wall.

Frontier Photo



LAST DRINK is gulped down by one man, but refused by Panchito.



FACING RIFLES of firing squad, condemned men shout, pray or stolidly await death. None used wooden stools on which they were to sit.



CRUMPLED BODIES are shrouded in dust and smoke as firing squad lowers rifles, and spectators on cemetery wall strain for a better look.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Epidemics & Patience

For weeks the Communists have been accusing the U.N. of waging bacteriological warfare in North Korea, thus trying to explain away disease epidemics spreading north of the battle lines. The U.N. countered by proposing that an International Red Cross commission go into North Korea to investigate. Since that was the last thing the Reds wanted, they had to find an out. Last week they invented one.

The Peking radio charged that, with the knowledge and tacit consent of the Red Cross, U.N. doctors had been performing Nazi-style medical experiments on Red prisoners of war both on Kojo Island and on an LST set up as a "special floating laboratory." Therefore, the Peking radio insisted, the Red Cross is tarnished with U.N. crimes and unfit to investigate anything.

For brazen effrontery, the medical-atrocity charge was the high point so far of the Reds' propaganda campaign. Such an accusation by them would have been unthinkable in the first weeks of the truce talks last summer, when the U.N. held the whip hand and once broke off the talks for several days over a mere matter of Communist soldiers strolling in Kaesong. Since then, the U.N.'s military pressure has slackened, and its anxiety for a truce has been openly publicized. Now, apparently, the Reds believe that anything goes—the U.N. will keep on coming to the truce table.

Rear Admiral Ruthven Libby, one of the allied negotiators, last week stoutly predicted that chances of a truce are still 50-50. A man who has borne the brunt of many Red jeers, he manfully tried to justify his unhappy assignment:

"We must continue to be patient and keep hanging on to this thing, and I think it will pay off in the end. But if we get impatient, we are going to suffer for it. By that I mean we will get either poorer armistice terms, or no armistice at all. The period now is very critical. We must hang on, keep at it, and try to get this thing through."

BATTLE OF KOREA

Ready & Waiting

When the armies of the U.N. and the Communists were settled down in the limited Korean lull last fall, U.S. General James A. Van Fleet was worried about stagnation's effect on his Eighth Army. "A 'sit-down' army is subject to collapse at the first sign of an enemy effort," he said then. "An army that stops to tie its shoestrings seldom regains the initiative."

Last week, six months of lull later, General Van Fleet gave a fresh report on the conditions of his forces. The Eighth Army today, said he, is stronger in every way than at any time during the last 21 months. "The United Nations forces," he



Associated Press

GENERAL VAN FLEET & KOREAN ORPHAN
Nothing can hurt us.

added, "now are in a position where nothing the enemy can bring into Korea can seriously hurt us."

Yet the end of the month will find scarcely a rifleman still facing the enemy who was in the lines before peace talks began last July 10. Under its troop rotation plan, the U.S. has sent back to the States more than 200,000 veterans since the start of the Korean war, 160,000 of them since July. Among the departed are most of the battlewise battalion and regimental commanders.

Hard-driving General Van Fleet and his staff have conducted a steady campaign against military stagnation. Said a general just back from Korea: "Limited and local actions are often more instructive than swift engagements over extended terrain. The Eighth Army has had time to study its mistakes, whereas troops in rolling actions are often so busy advancing or retreating that they have no time to reflect on their freshest experiences. The Eighth Army's patrolling is better, its defensive positions more effectively prepared, its fire patterns better laid. In the rear area, communications, maintenance and supply

are better organized than those of World War II armies."

Against this optimism is the fact that U.N. forces have remained at "static" strength (about 450,000 troops), while the Communists have gradually built up overwhelming numerical superiority (about 900,000 troops), steadily swelled their air force (to at least 1,200 planes) and brought up mountains of equipment and supplies during the relative hiatus. If they chose to launch a spring offensive, Van Fleet conceded, they could hit the U.N. far harder than before. "But the chances that it will come are quite small."

After the mildest winter in years, the sun was shining and frost was fast disappearing. G.I.s, on the slopes of fortified hills, watched the valley's floors for signs that the earth is firm enough to bear a major offensive's weight.

Home Comes the Sailor

The only remaining member of the original five-man delegation that began the truce conferences last July is Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, the doughty commander of U.S. naval forces in the Far East and chief of the allied truce team at Panmunjom. The other four have long since been transferred elsewhere. Last week the Navy announced that, sometime next summer, whether there is a truce or not, the admiral will come home to be superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

THE AIR WAR

The Funny-Looking Bird

For nearly a month, U.N. pilots in Korea had been catching glimpses of a new Russian jet fighter. Last week First Lieutenant James D. Carey of Las Vegas, Nev., "found myself on the tail of this funny-looking bird. Looked like a MIG-15, except the wings were high up on the fuselage. I gave him a few bursts and caught him in the right wing. Then other Reds started coming from all sides, and I had to get out. They seemed to be trying to protect the new boy."

Next day F-86 Sabre jets spotted a formation of the new planes, but the Reds refused to fight. The Air Force's first hunch was that the Russians were trying an advanced new MIG, possibly the much rumored MIG-19. But later the Air Force guessed that the new plane is either an older, experimental MIG model never mass-produced, or no MIG at all, and dubbed it tentatively "Type 15."

Five and a half feet longer and 25 m.p.h. slower than the stripped-down MIG-15, the new "Type 15" probably has a longer range, thus might be useful if the Communists decide to try something they haven't dared before: low-level attacks on the U.N.'s fighter-plane bases in South Korea. MIG-15s presumably could not go that far and back from their Manchurian sanctuary.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department reports 213 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea (including 47 killed in action) during the week from March 8 through March 14, bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 105,293. The breakdown:

DEAD	18,567
WOUNDED	75,694
MISSING	9,974
CAPTURED	1,058

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

The Ticking Package

At first nobody noticed that the package ticked. But by last week, Russia's offer of a German peace treaty, and promise of an armed, unified, unoccupied, "independent" Germany (TIME, March 24) was on every European's mind. It set off these new stirrings:

Socialists: Sent British Labor's Hugh Dalton, once Chancellor of the Exchequer, scurrying to Paris to agree with French Socialists that Russia's offer ought to be considered, and that German rearmament in the West's defense must not happen. Then they decided to meet with German Socialists who feel the same way.

Communists: Badly shaken up, had to about-face without warning—and in public. For seven years they had warned of the horrors of German rearmament; now Russia promised Germany an army of its own. For seven years they had denounced ex-Nazis; now the Russians specifically invited ex-Nazis into a German army. French Communists were particularly embarrassed. It was the hardest thing to swallow obediently since Stalin drank a toast to Hitler.

West Germans: Saw their Chancellor Adenauer dismayed. Unswerving friend of the West, he was hearing his own colleagues taking deep swigs out of the Soviet bottle. Muttered Jacob Kaiser, his minister for All-German affairs: "Germany and the West must consider seriously whether or not a turning point has been reached . . ." Said Free Democratic Leader August Martin Euler: Adenauer's political ally: "For the first time, the Soviet has come up with a proposal worth discussing."



GERMANY'S KONRAD ADENAUER
Caught in a cold draft.

Western Allies: Spent ten days drafting identical replies to Moscow. They recognized the propaganda appeal of Russia's offer to the Germans. They aimed to leave all doors open—even though nothing but a cold draft was coming through. They asserted in moderate tones: 1) that if Russia is sincere, Russia should admit a U.N. commission to East Germany to determine whether free elections can be held there; 2) that the Russians fail to say whether unified Germany could conduct its own foreign policy, could join in various European agencies like the Schuman Plan; 3) that Russia invokes the Potsdam Agreement to keep German territory east of the Oder-Neisse rivers, while proposing to revive the German army, prohibited by Potsdam.

If it hadn't learned before, the U.S. had learned at Panmunjom the folly of trying to sit friendly-like around a table with the Russians, as if little differences in wording are only a matter of semantics and easily straightened out. Many Europeans, hungry for easy solutions, seemed unwilling to acknowledge this fact. Luckily for the West, the key man in the play—76-year-old Chancellor Adenauer—was not taken in. He stuck to his determination to align his people with the West, even though the unification of his country must be postponed. The West could be grateful for him last week.

GREAT BRITAIN A Matter of Life & Death

"The air defenses of this island," said Under Secretary for Air George Reginald Ward in the House of Commons last week, "would be woefully inadequate if we had not powerful allies . . ." It was hard talk to a nation whose political leaders, on both the Tory and Labor sides of the aisle, often act as if U.S. air bases in Britain are provocative to the Russians.

Black-mustached Group Captain George Ward, 44, a veteran R.A.F. staff officer, was presenting the R.A.F.'s \$1,555,880,000 budget for 1952-53. It was his first parliamentary mission, but what he had to say sent R.A.F.-proud Britons into a jittery slow roll. "The House is aware," said Ward, "of the enormous numerical strength of the Soviet Air Force. But it is not only in numbers that we are inadequate. Even more important is the fact . . . that we are in some respects inferior in the performance of our aircraft . . . It is a hard fact that we have temporarily lost our lead . . ."

Ward was quick to identify the pinpoints of weakness:

¶ The R.A.F. has no fighter plane to match the MIG-15 or U.S. Sabre jet. To remedy this, the government will give "super-priority" to the swept-wing jet interceptors.

¶ Except for two squadrons of Canberra bombers, the R.A.F. Bomber Command is flying World War II aircraft. The Vickers



BRITAIN'S GEORGE WARD
Into a jittery slow roll.

Valiant, Britain's four-jet atom carrier, is not yet in production.

¶ The R.A.F. Coastal Command, with its old-fashioned equipment, is "likely to be less effective" than it was in the last war. In one of Winston Churchill's favorite phrases, Britain must present the hard back of a hedgehog, not the soft paunch of a rabbit, to any enemy.

"These things," said Group Captain Ward, "are a matter of life & death for every one of us." The sense of urgency and peril convinced Tories and Socialists alike. In the tense debate that followed, not even the Bevanites, who oppose the scope of rearmament, questioned the urgent need to increase R.A.F. appropriations by 33%. The biggest air force estimates in Britain's peacetime history passed the House of Commons without a division.

Continuing Confidence

When it came to oratory in the last campaign, no Tory was more outspoken than white-haired Lord Woolton, 68, the party chairman. From the hustings, he promised British housewives that the Tories would provide "more red meat," and would not tamper with Labor's food subsidies. Once back in office, the Tories behaved not as Lord Woolton promised, but as circumstances compelled. Down went the meat ration; up went food prices as Chancellor "Rab" Butler reduced food subsidies. "Uncle Fred" Woolton (who became a household name to Britons during his able wartime administration of food rationing) was plainly embarrassed by Labor's taunts about broken promises.

Last week, red-faced Uncle Fred drove to Downing Street, volunteered to quit his cabinet job as Lord President of the

Council and his post as party chairman. Labor's *Daily Herald* got wind of the story, and hoping to divert attention from Labor's own dissensions, splashed it all over Page One. At that point Winston Churchill, who does not usually deign to acknowledge such reports, issued a sharp personal statement: "There is no question of Lord Woolton's resigning. He has the Prime Minister's full and continuing confidence . . ." Said heaving Uncle Fred, obviously grateful for Churchill's support: "Neither my colleagues nor I have any regrets for what we have done."

IRELAND

The Last of the Blaskets

Off the storm-ravaged coast of Southwest Ireland lie the six fog-bound Blasket Isles,⁶ where 14 centuries ago Ireland's Celtic saints built Christian shrines of turf and mud to fend off pixies, pookas, hob-

one: five-year-old Gearoid Keane, whose cousin Patrick was the last King of the Blaskets (he died in 1930).

A French decision to ban the import of Irish shellfish shattered the Islanders' chief livelihood: lobster fishing. Hard hit by the winter's gales, unable to get food from the mainland, the elders of Blasket gave up. To Ireland's *Dail* (Parliament) last week they sent pleading letters: "Take us off the islands; give us cottages on the mainland." The Blaskets had decided to give back their six isles to the pixies, the pookas and the hobgoblins.

FRANCE

The Wave of the Future

For more than three centuries, the people of Tignes let the rest of the world alone, and expected to be left alone. In their tiny (pop. 600) village and valley, nestled among the towering peaks of



DAMMED WATERS BACKING UP TOWARD TIGNES
A thousand million francs was not enough.

goblins and leprechauns. In 1588, a 1,000-ton Spanish galleon fleeing from the rout of the Spanish Armada piled up on the rocks of Great Blasket Island. Dozens of its crewmen struggled ashore, intermarried with the half-wild descendants of the "saints." From their union evolved the modern Blasket Islanders: tall, rawboned Celtic fishermen who speak little but Gaelic but have the jet black hair and dark eyes of Spaniards.

Decimated by the Great Famine of 1845-46, which sent millions of Irish to the U.S., Blasket's population has declined until there are now only 28 islanders left. In 20 years there have been only two marriages; in the village school, which once housed 30 pupils, there is now only

the French Alps, they raised their crops, milked their cows, patched their limestone houses and married their neighbors. Then came the French government, with the U.S. Marshall Plan dollars and an itch to spread electricity and progress. The government decided to raise a dam on the Isère River just above Tignes—a dam that would flood out the village.

The Tignards watched the bulldozers roll into their valley, heard the dynamite blasts, and declared a day of mourning. Some of them tried to drive the invaders out by wrecking their machines and burning their toolsheds. Others met the future more practically; they clamored for more compensation money than the thousand million francs the company offered them. For five years temporary injunctions came and went like winter snows. All the while the concrete wall at the valley's end rose higher and higher.

⁶ The Blaskets got their name from the Gaelic word *blascead*, which means, literally, "whale-backed island."

The River Moves. Last week engineers began closing the escape valves in the great dam. Slowly, inch by inch, the Isère began backing up. The stubborn peasants of Tignes thought they had one last chance: at a local election last week they voted a solid resistance ticket. All night the town made merry while the new councilors planned a last ditch stand against the company. They would die or drown before they would move from their beloved town, they said. From all over France came reporters and photographers to record Tignes's heroic defiance.

Alas, at 5:30 next morning, Monsieur Jean-Pierre Abeille, prefect of Savoie, descended on the village with 350 armed Republican Security Guards. Before anyone could sound a tocsin on the church bells, M. Abeille had seized the municipal records, thus putting the village officially out of existence. Warned M. Abeille: unless the villagers moved out forthwith, they would get no compensation money at all.

The Bells Toll. Father Louis Pellicier said his last Mass in the old grey church. Reverently he removed the tabernacle. Workers dismantled the altar, took down statues and loaded them in trucks. Plainly clangling, the four ancient church bells were lowered on ropes. People crowded to stroke the bells with their hands. Said a sturdy farmer, "They are our souls." A hush fell over the village. Some villagers angrily berated the blue-uniformed guards, but even they knew the game was up. Others began packing their belongings. In a week the dam water would be lapping their doors. In a month it would be 500 feet above the rooftops and Tignes would be no more.

The Three Kibitzers

It was payday for the 3,000 men aboard the U.S.S. *Midway*, anchored off the French Riviera. One by one, 16 bluejackets disappeared into a storage room below the carrier deck for a little forbidden pleasure. There they got out their bankrolls, settled to their knees. The soft clack of dice and the whisper of plaintive invocations went on all night until the kitty reached some \$3,000. Then the door opened, and three more bluejackets pushed in. But these were different; hoods masked their faces, they whispered commands, and they waved pistols. The sharpshooters were ordered to stand facing the bulkheads. The three swept up the \$3,000 lying on the floor and fled, locking the door behind them.

For five days, while rumors of the big haul spread through the Mediterranean fleet, the *Midway*'s officers publicly dismissed them as poorest scuttlebutt, and privately combed the ship's company for the robbers. Finally Rear Admiral A. K. Doyle, red-faced, made public the bluejackets' story. The mighty 45,000-ton *Midway*, protected by 137 planes, 180 guns and thousands of tons of steel armorplate, had been taken from the inside. Nobody knew who the three robbers were or where the \$3,000 had gone.

Deadline: 2000 A.D.

Eight white-haired members of the French Academy buzzed with discreet excitement last week. In 17 years of meeting between the hours of 2 and 5 every Friday afternoon, carrying on Cardinal Richelieu's instructions to keep the French language pure, they had finished their revision of the *As* for the ninth edition of the French dictionary, were about to add a new word to the *Bs*. They agreed that "*béquet*" ("Printing term. Word or sentence added to correct text.") is now an acceptable French word. Their decision was sent on to the full, 40-man academy, which in secret session approved.

At this rate, and if the academicians can keep up their pace, the ninth edition of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française* will go on sale at the beginning of the 21st century.

Russia

High Wind in Moscow

After ten weeks of mulling over the heroic story of Captain Carlsen and the *Flying Enterprise*, Russia's navy newspaper *Krasny Flot* came out with its own version. The ship's cargo was not coffee and pig iron, but "dive-war materials, including a large number of optical sights and parts of V-2 rocket bombs," all made illegally in West Germany. Fearing that the French might learn of this if the *Flying Enterprise* put into Brest, the U.S. Defense Department ordered Captain Carlsen to weather out the gale, and sent two destroyers to take off the war cargo. They lost the ship because they were not as efficient at salvage as the Russians.

Captain Carlsen's comment on all of that: "Nuts!"

Hungary

Having Horrible Time

A familiar capitalist service, the canned telegram, was offered to the customers of Communist Hungary's Postal Service last week—suitably tailored to fit Communist needs. Some samples:

For an engagement—"May your time of betrothal be happy and your marriage be filled with peace-lighting spirit."

For a birth—"I cordially welcome the newborn and wish that he becomes a fighting member of Socialist society."

Germany

Payment, But Not Expiation

In a guarded and secluded country inn near The Hague, Germans and Jews met as equals across a conference table last week for the first time in 18 years. In the intervening years, Hitler's Germans had killed 6,000,000 Jews. Now the new Jewish state of Israel asked \$1 billion to pay the cost of resettling the half-million Jews who had escaped Hitler and moved on to Israel. The meeting was cold and proper. The German delegation promised "most careful consideration."



Associated Press

HILALY PASHA
It's all up to the British.

The real passion came not from Germany, which promises to pay some reparations, but from Israel, which wants redress but does not want the payments to be considered expiation. Many Israelis still carry concentration-camp numbers tattooed on their arms; almost all mourn murdered relatives. The prospect of sitting down with the Germans to discuss a financial settlement seemed degrading. But Israel, financially desperate and short of everything, could not even afford pride and sentiment. Opposition newspapers reprinted old photographs of naked, emaciated concentration-camp victims stacked, like cordwood, for burning, but there was little else to say.



United Press

SERAG EL DIN PASHA
"Oh, don't make a scandal."

Africa

Conflicts & Opportunity

While most of the world had its eyes on the East-West struggle raging across Europe and Asia, the continent of Africa was stirring wakefully. Its coming to consciousness promised both treasures and trouble. Last week the three corners of this triangular continent made headlines—in Egypt, where a young King sought release from British control and power over restless mobs; in Morocco, where Americans rolled out big bomber bases on French soil; in South Africa, where a Prime Minister, trying to disenfranchise his country's colored voters, was stopped by the courts (*see below*). Since all of these were troubled waters, the Communists fished there. But the conflicts of power, pride and race in awakening Africa existed with or without the Communists. So did the opportunities.

Egypt

Needed: A 56-Day Miracle

A string of cars rolled into the driveway of the huge, brownish-grey Cairo mansion of Fuad Serag el Din, Egypt's most dangerous politician, one night last week. It was late, after curfew, and the last pedestrian had scurried to shelter. A soldier smartly togged in green hurried over, took a quick look at the curfew pass of Imam Bey, Egypt's political police chief, and snapped a salute. Trusted policemen jumped out of the other cars. Imam Bey rang the bell of the darkened house; a servant told him that Serag el Din was across the street at the elaborate villa of Nahas Pasha, onetime fellah and now the aging, feeble chief of the powerful, corruption-ridden Wafid Party. As Minister of the Interior, Serag el Din had been the power behind Nahas Pasha until Cairo's fiery January 20 riots had toppled them both from power.

Across the street, light filtered through the shutters on the second-floor suite of Madame Nahas, a plump, attractive woman of 40, and great friend and business partner of huge, fleshy Serag el Din. Policeman Imam Bey rang the bell. Serag el Din finally appeared, opened the door. Imam Bey produced a written order: by government decree, Serag el Din was ordered into enforced confinement on the 378-acre estate of his wife (a member of Egypt's biggest landowning family), 36 miles out of Cairo.

Serag el Din, who knows the rules of the dangerous game he plays, submitted gracefully. When Madame Nahas' brother began wailing, he snapped: "Oh, don't make a scandal."

Good Friend Farouk. At 4 that morning, a Cadillac bearing Serag el Din drew up to the family country estate, now completely cordoned by police. The ex-minister and real boss of the Wafidists stood on his porch, lit a stogie, then shrugged his shoulders, walked inside and went to bed. The same morning, Imam Bey's men picked up Abdel Fattah Has-

san, Serag el Din's crony, and plumped him down also on a Delta estate.

With these arrests, the first round went to Ahmed Naguib Hilaly Pasha, the Premier, the honest man without a party (*TIME*, March 10). But like all championship fights, this one has many more rounds to go, and Hilaly is still at a disadvantage. He can count on only one powerful friend, King Farouk, who has been waiting a long time to strike down the Wafid Party and Serag el Din. Honest Hilaly sadly lacks popular political support.

Parliament is suspended for the moment, and the huge Wafid majority in both Houses is powerless. The King's men can hold power for a while, buttressed by the army, the police, the curfew and tight press censorship. But the King's men haven't much time. The cry of "Down with the King!" is already being heard in student demonstrations.

Already the Wafid's propaganda machine, which reaches into the smallest hamlet, is buzzing that Hilaly is selling out to the British and trying to cover up by shouting about Wafid corruption. If Parliament should reconvene on April 2, after its 30-day suspension, Hilaly would be overwhelmed by the Wafid majorities. Hilaly, fighting for time, asked Farouk to dissolve Parliament and order new elections on May 28.

In the 56 days of grace thus won, Hilaly will have to work two miracles that others before him have been unable to accomplish in 25 years. He may win if he can 1) prove Wafid corruption; 2) make real headway with the British.

Unfavorable Odds. The odds are against the miracle. A Cairo editor puts it thus: "If the British agree in principle to evacuation of the Canal Zone and recognize unity of Egypt and Sudan under the Crown, the Hilaly government will stand, and Egypt will get clean government and reform. But if the British are stubborn, Hilaly will fall. It's all up to the British."

At week's end the British and Egyptians met for the first official conversations since last August. They talked for 80 minutes. Moderate Egyptians nervously wondered if the British know how late the hour is.

The 32-year-old King and his 60-year-old Premier, the two men who represent Egypt's last best hope, move about with heavy guards. Farouk has put aside his gambling, stays close to his palace. Late one night he slipped out without telling his staff, climbed behind the wheel of a small Citroën and headed for downtown Cairo to see how the curfew is working. He got only a few blocks when four army privates hailed him and demanded his curfew pass. Said Farouk: "I don't need one. I'm your boss." The soldiers got tough, ordered him out of his car. Just then an officer came up, recognized Farouk. His arm went into a paralyzed salute, and he nervously ordered the soldiers to let His Majesty pass. But Farouk congratulated the soldiers, produced his pass and went on. The next day the four privates were promoted.

MOROCCO

The American Invasion

French Morocco is the site of the latest American invasion, peaceful but hectic, bringing airmen and planes and contractors with millions of dollars to spend.

The five big air bases which the U.S. is building in the northwest corner of Africa will handle anything that S.A.C. (the U.S. Strategic Air Command) now has or will have for years to come, including the jet-powered B-47 and the experimental XB-52. From Morocco, S.A.C. will be in easy range of Soviet targets in the Ukraine, the Caucasus oilfields—in fact, any targets in European Russia, from Moscow to the southern frontier. Yet the Moroccan bases are almost unreachable from the U.S.S.R. by land. To take them, short of an airborne assault, the Red Army would

Pentagon calls a "crash" program, in which speed is all-important and waste must be borne. The first estimate of total cost, \$300 million, has now soared to \$455 million.

The Army Corps of Engineers sent out white-mustached Colonel George T. Derby, a veteran of the Pacific war, to do the job. Derby let the contracts to a pool of five U.S. companies, operating together as "Atlas Constructors," on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis (the fee being something over \$8,000,000).

Alarmed by the costs, the Air Force twice lowered the time priority on finishing the bases. Still the costs stayed high, and Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness ("Watchdog") subcommittee got curious. Army Secretary Frank Pace also got busy. Last week he notified Senator Johnson that he had relieved Colonel Derby, that efforts would be made to recover any money "improperly spent"; and that Atlas Constructors had been ordered to mend their ways or go.

The Unfinished Three. Some of the blame belongs to the Air Force, and its costly indecision in choosing a site for the largest of the five bases. First it was persuaded by the French to settle on Ben Guerir, in the rocky flatlands at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. Then the Air Force switched the site to a place called Mechra Bel Ksiri, where \$120,000 was spent before it was learned that Mechra Bel Ksiri is flooded for part of each year. Now the work is going forward again at Ben Guerir.

Two other bases, at Sidi Slimane and Nouasseur, are already "operational," though not yet equipped with the amenities of life. The remaining three are supposed to be finished by July, but won't be.

The Generous Americans. So far the American invasion numbers 4,000 construction workers and 3,000 blue-uniformed airmen. Thirty-ton earth loaders, compactors and asphalt layers are changing the landscape, within sight of Arab and Berber shepherds who tend their flocks and think their own thoughts. The French administration welcomes the advent of U.S. capital and enterprise, but insists on keeping local wages down to check inflation. Many French bureaucrats, businessmen, speculators and *colonies* (plantation owners) grumble that the generous, kindly Americans will spoil the inhabitants.

French Morocco, rich in minerals and water power, is one of the handsomest and, in the north, one of the most fertile territories in all Islam. In the spring, parts of the country are as green as England. It is a land with three capitals: Rabat, the seat of government; Casablanca, the main seaport and business center; Fez, the religious and cultural capital. The population of 9,000,000 includes 4,500,000 Moorish Arabs, 4,000,000 Berbers, 350,000 French. The Berbers, bigger and blonder than the Arabs, are Moslems but they have their own language, and their religion permits them to eat wild pigs and drink alcoholic beverages. Headed by



Rapho-Guillumette
GENERAL GUILLAUME
90% more staying power.

have to skirt the eastern Mediterranean and cross the whole of North Africa. "European bases may give us 10% more hitting power," says one Air Force officer, "but Morocco gives us 90% more staying power."

The Crash Program. There was good reason for hurrying into Morocco. But, largely because of the hurry, the whole Morocco air base program last week was in trouble, both actual and potential. The actual trouble—which can be cured—is due to waste and inefficiency in the construction job itself. The potential trouble, which may be harder to deal with, is a whole complex of problems arising from French-Arab-U.S. relations.

The U.S.-French agreement for the bases was made in December 1950, at a time when the U.S. was threatened with defeat in Korea, and when Eisenhower had not yet arrived in Europe to help shore up its defenses. Base construction in Morocco got under way as what the

FRENCH MOROCCO

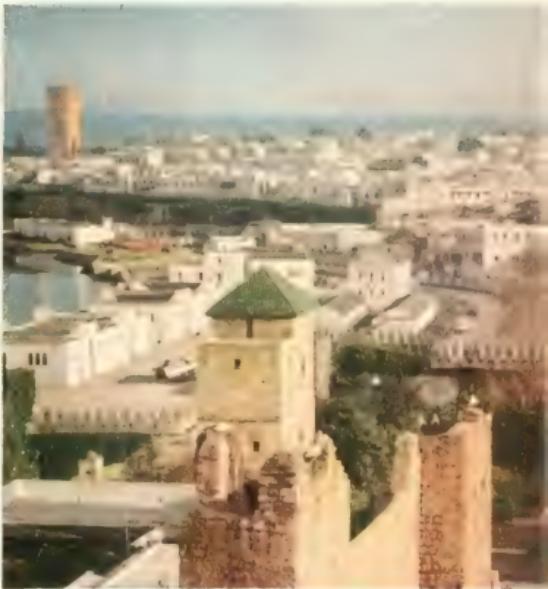


CASABLANCA: Modern housing project and distant skyscrapers are evidence of progress in strategic French protectorate.

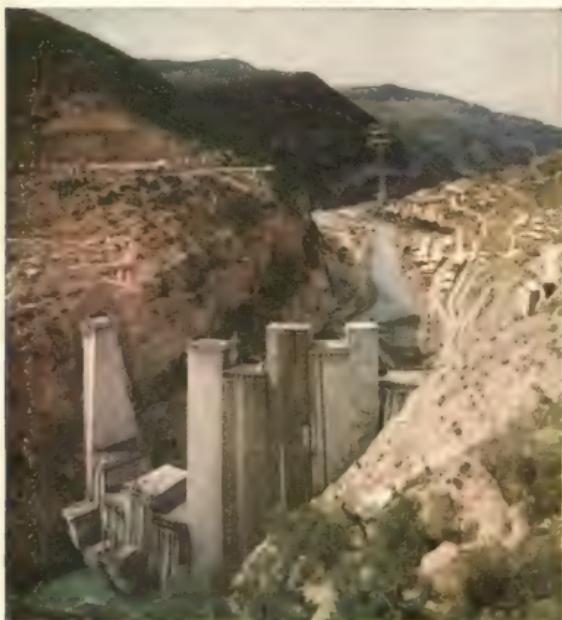
Photos by Carl Purcell



LIBERTÉ BUILDING rises 17 stories in busy Casablanca.



OUDAÏA CASTLE, built in 12th century, makes quiet nesting place for storks of



BIN EL OUIDANE DAM will add 160 million kw-h a year to new power program.



NATIVE BAZAAR hugs ancient wall of Fez, spiritual



Rabat, Morocco's capital.



BERBER KASBAH, in Atlas Mountain valley, was fortress of native chieftain in days before French came.



home of Morocco Moslems.



HILLSIDE TERRACING, near city of Meknes, is part of long-range plan to help nation's 850,000 farmers.



FRENCH TRICOLOR at half-staff for late Marshal de Lattre, flutters over Rabat mansion and garden of Resident General Augustin Guillaume.



IMPERIAL COACH bears Sultan Sidi Mohammed V to Rabat mosque.



STINNA PALACE is home of El Glaoui, Berber pasha of Marrakech.

foxy old Pasha of Marrakech, the Berbers are much more friendly to the French than are the Arabs. The French count heavily on them in case of trouble.

Since 1912, French Morocco has been a "protectorate" (a colony in everything but name). The nominal ruler is the Sultan, a descendant of the Prophet, who has fluorescent lights in his palace at Rabat. Actually, however, the French administrator (who is tactfully called the Resident General and not the governor) dictates Morocco's laws and handles its foreign policy.

The man who sits in the *Résidence Générale* at Rabat today is General Augustin Léon Guillaume, 56, a forthright and plain-spoken man with a brilliant military record in two world wars. A doctor's son from the Alps, Guillaume speaks Italian, German, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Moorish Arabic, Berber; he was a close friend of the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, hero of Indo-China.

Big Profits, Low Taxes. In 40 years, French enterprise and enthusiasm have done a great deal to improve and modernize Morocco. Hydroelectric plants are already irrigating a million acres. The French have crisscrossed the land with 27,000 miles of roads. In brawling Casablanca, where dozens of new hotels, office buildings and apartments went up last year, the skyline changes almost daily. Four decades ago, Casablanca was a squalid Oriental port of 20,000 people. Today the population is 600,000. Last year ships spent a total of 4,000 days waiting for berths at Casablanca's crowded docks.

Casablanca is a fine place for freewheeling French businessmen: profits are big, taxes low. No one there seriously considers the need or desirability of turning the country over to the Moroccans, or giving them autonomy. Even the late Marshal Lyautey, who had a wonderful knack for getting along with Moors, seemed to think that Morocco would stay peacefully in French hands forever. Belatedly, a school for native administrators has been started, but turns out only 60 men a year.

The Stirring Peoples. The leaders of *Istiqal*, the independence movement, are on the whole moderate men who prefer pressure to violence. Yet the ferment of Moslem nationalism is reaching west toward Morocco. Last autumn there were election riots. Last week the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, who was once mistakenly thought to be a safe man for France, dispatched a letter to President Vincent Auriol demanding more local rule.

General Guillaume believes firmly that Morocco is not ready for independence, and he expects the U.S., with five important air bases at stake, to back him up. Whatever the merits and demerits of French colonialism, the U.S. finds itself doing just that. After some misgivings, Americans on the scene have now pretty well convinced themselves that to be distracted by colonial problems in the present emergency would be like a fire engine's crew noticing that the streets are dirty, and stopping to clean up the litter.

SOUTH AFRICA Reaping the Whirlwind

South Africa was divided between festival and fear. The festival, opened last week by Prime Minister Daniel Malan's government, celebrated the 300th anniversary of the landing at Cape Town from the Dutch ship *Gogte Hoop* of South Africa's first white settlers. They entered a vast, fertile country, empty except for a handful of aborigines. But as their ox-wagons rolled north, they collided with the southward-marching legions of the black Bantu tribes. The blacks now outnumber the whites 8,000,000 to 2,500,000. From that fact grows South Africa's fear.

At festival time Prime Minister Malan's formula for white supremacy—*apartheid* (racial segregation)—ran afoul of South Africa's highest court. His administration



Reuterphoto—European
PRIME MINISTER MALAN
The risk was civil war.

trottered, and considered dangerous alternatives. The restless and politically awakening Negroes scheduled nationwide demonstrations in protests against his policy. The possibility of civil war hovered over South Africa, and a desperate decision faced Daniel François Malan, who had sown the whirlwind.

The Chosen Race. A stodgy Boer with a pale, square face and thick, white hands, Daniel Malan is the self-appointed high priest of the Afrikaners and of *apartheid*. He was born 78 years ago on a Cape Province farm called *Allesverloren* ("Everything Is Lost"), and attended the same Sunday school as his lifelong public enemy: Jan Christian Smuts, South Africa's greatest Prime Minister. Smuts, who fought the British in the Boer War, lived to become their best South African friend; Malan, who never heard a shot fired, is a violent Anglophobe.

Trained as a Reformed Church *predikant* (he got his D.D. in Holland), Pastor

Malan has dedicated his life to the proposition that men are created unequal. From the Calvinist doctrine of "election," he drew two startling, if not logical, conclusions: 1) that the Boers are God's chosen race in South Africa, and 2) that the "inferiority" of all other races, especially the Negro, is divinely ordained and therefore unalterable. As editor (of Cape Town's *Die Burger*), Malan taught Afrikaners that South Africa belonged exclusively to them, that the Negro should know his place as a permanent "hewer of wood and drawer of water." In 1919 he was elected to Parliament as M.P. for the town of Calvinia. His first important achievement: inserting a new phrase in South Africa's Constitution: "The people of the Union acknowledge the sovereignty and guidance of Almighty God."

Road to Fascism. Guided, he said, by God, Malan founded his own Nationalist Afrikaner Party in 1933. Its platform: South Africa for the Afrikaners. During World War II the pastor told his supporters: "If Germany wins, then we are in this . . . fortunate position—that Germany's war aims [i.e., the destruction of the British Empire] and our desire to get a Republic in South Africa are in agreement." Germany lost the war, but in 1948 Pastor Malan won a narrow victory in South Africa's elections. His party warned South Africans that if Smuts won, little white girls would be forced to marry "coons."

In three years' rule, Prime Minister Malan has dragged South Africa far along the road to fascism. His cabinet, two-thirds of whose members belong to the secret Afrikaner *Broederbond*, launched an anti-Negro, anti-Jewish campaign. The Natives' Representative Council was summarily abolished. Appropriations for Bantu housing were slashed; native slums proliferated, breeding crime and misery. To cut down the number of opposition voters, Malan coolly disenfranchised the Natal and Transvaal Indians.

Manifest Absurdity. Last year he went too far. In a Jim Crow franchise bill passed by a parliamentary majority of ten, he erased the names of 50,000 Colored (i.e., halfcaste) voters from the white voting lists and assigned their votes to four "white representatives."

The reaction was sharp and strong. Opposition Leader J. G. Strauss, now the leader of Smuts's old United Party, called it "a great act of betrayal." So did a group of enraged South African war veterans, who formed the anti-Malan "Torch Commando" to protect the Constitution. Their leader was a cousin of Malan's and an R.A.F. wing commander in the Battle of Britain: Adolph ("Sailor") Malan. In tampering with the franchise, said the Opposition, Prime Minister Malan had violated the "Entrenched Clauses" in South Africa's Constitution. Torch backed four colored voters who took the case to South Africa's Supreme Court.

The legal arguments were prolix, but the key question was clear: could Parliament by a simple majority override an Entrenched Clause of Britain's 1909

South Africa Act, which is the Union's basic constitutional law? Government lawyers said yes, otherwise the free Dominion of South Africa would still be fettered by Britain.

Last week five black-robed judges (three of them appointed by Prime Minister Malan) unanimously said no. Malan's action was "null and void." Said Chief Justice Albert van de Sandt Centlivres: "To say that the Union of South Africa is not a sovereign state simply because Parliament hasn't the power to amend the Constitution is to state a manifest absurdity . . . It would be surprising . . . to be told that the great and powerful country, the United States, is not sovereign and independent because its Congress cannot pass any law it pleases."

It was the first major setback to all-out *apartheid*. If Pastor Malan overruled the court, he might easily lose the support of the old-fashioned Boer farmers, who respect their judges. If he accepted the court's decision, his fanatical Nationalist lieutenants might toss him aside.

Molan, Scram! At week's end, looking bitter and tired, old Pastor Malan hearkened to the fanatics, announced in Parliament that he would end the court's "interference" with acts of the legislature. From all over the Union came angry protests; Torch supporters paraded through the streets of Cape Town and Johannesburg, demanding: "Malan, scram!" Ominous too were the stirrings in the great Bantu slums, where Nationalist police confiscated truckloads of "murderous weapons."

Faced with a split in his own party, Malan risked revolution and interracial war if he persisted in defying the court. "Your immoral acts," said Opposition Leader Strauss, "are now also proved illegal. With every month that passes while South Africa is governed by you, the prospects become more fearful. Resign, Resign, Resign!"

INDIA

Root of the Matter

Never had the Moscow radio poured such scorn and enmity on Prime Minister Nehru's Indian government. Nehru's sin, though Moscow did not quite put it that way, was to accept U.S. help in freeing India from its periodic famines.

Last week the successful farm experiment begun by a county agent from North Carolina and Tennessee was about to be spread across the length & breadth of India. Horace Holmes, now chief of agriculture in India's Point Four program, began his experiment in the Etawah district in northern India in 1948 (TIME, Jan. 22, 1951). Says he: "I found the Indian farmer struggling with the same problems that we have in America . . . lack of good seed, lack of sufficient credit, poor land, diseases, insects, drought and pests." Holmes did not attempt to mechanize Etawah, but showed the Indian farmers how to use their primitive implements to better effect. He persuaded them to make compost of village waste, thus indirectly im-



Horace Holmes
Moscow was scornful.

posing sanitation where none had existed. He taught them how to drain their fields, how to inoculate livestock.

When he introduced legume crops to improve the soil, some religious villagers opposed the plowing-in of the live green growth. Tactfully Holmes broke down prejudices, stilled native hostility. The results were spectacular: in Etawah's 102 villages (pop. 79,000), food production jumped nearly 50% in three years. Malana was eliminated; herds were freed from rinderpest.

Nehru decided to set up 50 Etawahs right away, each to take in an average of 300 villages, inhabited by 200,000 people. He had the money (\$50 million from the U.S., \$50 million from his own government) for the first six months. He needed men. At this point, the U.S.'s Ford Foun-



Don Senanayake
London was grateful.

dation stepped in. It promised to finance the operation of 30 to 40 training schools which would turn out 3,000 village leaders every year. This week the first five Ford Foundation training centers are scheduled to open. If all goes well, Nehru hopes to multiply the original Etawah project 600-fold by 1956, thereby benefiting one-third of India's 361 million. That would really give the Moscow radio something to talk about.

CEYLON

Too Late

"I often twiddle the short wave about," explained Alan Blackman, 36, a fishworker of Hull, England. Listening in at 7:10 one night last week, Blackman heard: "Urgent! Will BBC contact Sir Hugh Cairns at Oxford, 58136, ask him to telephone Dr. Pierres, Colombo (Ceylon) 9351? It concerns life or death of our Prime Minister!"

The message was repeated at 90-second intervals. Many other British hams heard it and, like Blackman, notified BBC. One listener sent a cable from Sierra Leone, West Africa.

When the BBC reached Sir Hugh—Oxford's famed Nuffield Professor of Surgery—he tried at once to phone Colombo. Then began a series of frustrations. The Britain-Ceylon telephone is normally in operation only between 8 and 11 a.m. Before engineers could open up the circuit, two precious hours had been lost.

Finally Sir Hugh got through to Dr. Pierres, and in an eight-minute conversation got the news: Don Stephen Senanayake, 67, Prime Minister of the four-year-old Dominion of Ceylon, had been seriously injured in a freak accident. During his morning horseback ride, his mount had bolted; after striking to the horse for more than a mile, he had fallen off, somersaulted, landed on his head and never regained consciousness. Sir Hugh instructed Dr. Pierres how to carry on until he himself arrived in Ceylon.

Winston Churchill was at dinner when he heard the news. He ordered the R.A.F. to speed Sir Hugh to Colombo: "Spare nothing—get a plane in the air at once!" Churchill and the British had cause to be grateful to Prime Minister Senanayake. Though in 1945 he had been jailed for 40 days by the British, he had become by 1948 their staunch friend and a worthy foe of the Communists. He had led Ceylon's 7,000,000 people to independence without bloodshed, and he became the new dominion's first Prime Minister. Working to end corruption and diminish poverty, he became known as "the Abraham Lincoln of the East."

At Abingdon Airport in Berkshire, Sir Hugh's R.A.F. Hastings transport had to be fueled and loaded. Sir Hugh was drinking a cup of coffee in the airport lounge, ready to take off, when a final message came. Prime Minister Senanayake was dead.

* Among his patients: General George Patton Lawrence of Arabia

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Blessed Are the Eavesdroppers

"Blessed be the queues," said Juan Perón in a speech six weeks ago. At that time, meat, milk, beer, wine and fuel were scarce as a result of drought and the government's economic mismanagement. The President's idea was to convince Argentines that standing in line would assure them a fairer distribution of goods.

It did not work out that way. With tired, angry shoppers comparing gripes by the hour, the queues became the focus for popular discontent. Last week, before 500 leaders of the Peronista Women's Party, Evita Perón, looking pale and thin after her operation, took back her husband's blessing on queues and instead pronounced a curse. "Queues," she said, "must be destroyed. We have to get control of the streets. We have to eliminate the enemies of Perón."

Evita urged her party workers to visit homes and explain to housewives that if everybody would get along with a little less, shortages would soon pass and Argentina's economy would be saved. She also urged vigilance against those "traitors" who blamed the shortages on the government. "I advise that note be made of overheard conversations," she said. "I advocate using an espionage system such as that which Japanese embassies used to employ."

As Evita's eavesdroppers went out to their task, the police, complying with new orders from on high, began breaking up queues outside stores. Pushing through the crowds, they forced people to keep moving, scattered groups of gossiping housewives. The chief result seemed to be that some women & children lost their places in line.

BRAZIL

The Human Anthills

From the rear terraces of an expensive new apartment house in Rio, the residents can look down upon the bustling, bawdy life of nearby Kerosene Hill, one of Rio's 120-old *favelas* (shantytowns). Kerosene Hill is a jungle of rickety shacks made of packing-case slats, flattened tin cans and odds & ends of junk. Like most other *favelas*, it has no piped water supply; *favelados* lug pump water up the hill by the bucketful. A hair-curving stench rises from the shallow ditches that serve the settlement as sewers. "We have a great time watching these human anthills," said an apartment dweller recently, "but they watch us too. Sometimes we wonder what they're thinking." In his voice was an undertone of fear.

During the past ten years an estimated 1,000,000 people have swarmed into Rio

looking for a better life than they had in the provinces. Many of them ended up in shantytowns. Today the *favelados* number an estimated 500,000, about three-fourths of them Negroes. Rio's cops, tough as they are, avoid *favelas* even by daylight. "As a sanctuary for criminals," said the newspaper *O Globo*, "the *favelas* are as inviolate as the ancient temples. The law . . . stops at the base of the hill, as if it were the frontier of a foreign country." *Cariocas* fear *favela*-bred epidemics of disease and crime, but they fear explosions of discontent even more. Now & then, a rumor

favelas, the foulest of all because the sewage in the open ditches does not run off; 3) "civilize" the hillside *favelas* by providing them with police protection, free medical services, schools, electricity, sewers and running water.

Limited as his program is, Romano faces a hard struggle. He will have to fight an endless battle with municipal agencies for funds and cooperation, and he will have to combat the hostility and apathy of the *favelados* themselves. But he is determined to push ahead. "This may be Rio's last chance," he said. "If we don't control the *favelas*, they will keep on growing and turn this city into one vast slum."

CUBA

Relaxed Realist

Laid low by gripe, Strong Man Fulgencio Batista last week wrapped himself in blue pajamas and a blue silk dressing gown and stuck close to the huge master bedroom at his Camp Columbia headquarters outside Havana. But his relaxed manner showed as clearly as his personal flag,* flying from every Cuban fort and armory, that he was boss of the island.

For his old congressional opponents of the deposed Prio regime, many of whom were cynically prepared to vote him all the constitutionality he might want, Batista had only scorn. "We haven't even considered their legalistic formulas," he said. "They don't fit in with the revolutionary realities of the situation." Batista would be President again—but he would name the time and write the ticket.

The old regime's top labor man, Eusebio Mujal, was somewhat more successful in making his peace with the new chief. Quickly calling off a general strike when Prio's men showed no stomach for a fight, Mujal offered Batista the support of his 1,200-member Cuban Confederation of Labor (C.T.C.) on the basis of a seven-point program. Chief points: recognition of the C.T.C., preservation of union gains, job security for Mujal and other leaders. Saying that he will "respect the C.T.C. as an organization," Batista promised only to leave Mujal on the job "as long as the workers want to keep him." Strikes and new wage claims, he added, would not be tolerated. Even before this—in fact, from the day Batista took over—sugar mill-owners, manufacturers and hotelkeepers reported a sudden end to such nuisances as wildcat strikes and "disrespect."

Though businessmen were pleased at the change, some of the most respected members of Batista's wartime government found his latest coup too raw, and held aloof from joining the new regime.



THE PERÓNS
The Japanese embassies had the system.

that *favelados* are about to descend from the hill in plundering hordes puts fear into *cariocas* hearts. Such rumors floated about during last month's carnival celebrations, souring some of the city's gaiety with a vague dread.

Biggest of the *favelas* is Little Crocodile Hill, where some 45,000 people live jumbled together in squalor and misery. Last week something unusual happened there: strangers invaded the hill and set to work clearing ground for a clinic, a police station and water pipes. The city government was starting a campaign to clean up the *favelas*, and the program's boss, Dr. Guillermo Ribeiro Romano, 37, had chosen Little Crocodile as the first project.

Romano knows well enough that he cannot merely tear the *favelas* down. "There is nowhere for the *favelados* to go," he says. He is keeping his program limited in the hope that, unlike earlier and more grandiose schemes for abolishing the *favelas*, it can be carried out. His three-part plan: 1) stop the growth of *favelas* by preventing construction of new shacks; 2) destroy the few flat-hand-

* Consisting of five vertical stripes: navy blue, white, red, yellow and green.

PEOPLE

Hearts & Flowers

A flurry of feathers and screeching again issued from the gilded cage of Hollywood's scrappiest lovebirds, **Franchot Tone**, 47, and **Barbara Payton**, 25 (TIME, Sept. 24 *et seq.*). The latest rift, according to Manhattan Gossipist Cholly Knickerbocker, began innocently enough. Barbara, apparently in a pet, ripped a telephone from the wall of their West Side hotel suite and swung it at Franchot, whose ducking has improved since last September when he brawled and was flattened by Barbara's robust friend, Cinemactor **Tom Neal**. At week's end, Franchot, still in Manhattan, and Barbara, back in Hollywood, both denied the story. But Barbara promptly filed a countersuit for divorce.

On the mend after a hernia operation in a New Orleans hospital, veteran Cinemactor **Gary Cooper** had plans involving his old friend and hunting companion **Ernest Hemingway**: "We've been talking about several stories for possible use in the future. He looks fine when he shaves. He lives pretty sane."

Belgium's young King **Baudouin** was wearily sitting it out while post-office officials debated whether the first issue of

Belgian postage stamps to picture him should show him with or without his heavy horn-rimmed glasses.

Britain's left-wing Laborite **Aneurin Bevan**, whose noisy tirades against the U.S. have been stilled neither by **Winston Churchill** nor **Clement Attlee**, fell silent, canceled his weekend speaking dates because of a laryngitis attack.

A Virginia state trooper accused Band-leader **Cab Calloway**, oldtime King of Hi-De-Ho, of driving 65 m.p.h. and then offering a \$10 bribe to be permitted to swing along merrily to a nearby racetrack.

New Departures

Hollywood Gossipist **Hedda Hopper**, wearing one of her improbable hats, emerged from a plane at the Charleston, S.C. airport, where she was greeted by Old Friend **Bernard Baruch**, wearing a dashing cape, visitor and host motored off to Baruch's Hobcaw Barony estate.

Emperor **Hirohito** flouted a 2,600-year-old imperial tradition by deciding to entrust his son, **Crown Prince Akihito**, in Tokyo's coeducational Peers University.

General & Mrs. **Mark W. Clark** announced that their daughter Patricia Ann, 25, will marry Army Captain Gordon H.

Oosting, 27, the general's aide-de-camp since last July.

On Comic **Jimmy Durante's** TV show in Hollywood, **Margaret Truman** was led to a drawing board, blindfolded, handed a crayon and asked to connect a series of jumbled lines. When she finished, Jimmy unbandaged her eyes, rotated the board 90°, Margaret's product: "I LIKE IKE." Groaned she: "I don't dare go home tonight."

In The Netherlands, **Queen Juliana** and **Prince Bernhard** were packing their bags and getting set to say goodbye to their four daughters (Crown Princess Beatrix, 14, Princesses Irene, 12, Margriet, 9, and Marijke, 5). They will fly to Washington, D.C. next week, where they will be President & Mrs. **Harry Truman's** first guests in the renovated White House.

Onward & Upward

At the Circus Saints and Sinners monthly luncheon gag-fest in Manhattan, Vice President **Alben Barkley** cheerfully put on a cap & gown and gracefully accepted a few new "honorary" degrees, including a P.H.D. (for Poor Honest Democrat), a B.S. (for Bourbon & Soda), a D.D.T. (for Doing the Darndest for Truman).

In London, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer tapped the Duke of Edinburgh to serve as president of a committee for the design of coins, medals and seals. One of Philip's first chores: helping select a portrait of his wife, **Queen Elizabeth**, to decorate new coins of the realm.

Among America's best-dressed women of 1952, according to Manhattan's Fashion Academy: **Mrs. Estes Kefauver**; Cinemactress **Ann Sheridan**; Broadway Columnist **Dorothy Kilgallen**; Metropolitan Soprano **Marguerite Piazza**; Radio Songstress **Jo Stafford**; Musicomedy Star **Vivian (Guys and Dolls) Blaine**; **Nina Warren**, daughter of California's governor. Commented Mrs. Kefauver: "Oh, my goodness! I haven't even bought a new spring suit so far."

After Due Consideration

Dressed in jacket and well-creased slacks, highstrung Cinemactress **Katharine Hepburn** boarded the liner *America* for Eneland, where she will play the lead in a Liverpool production of Shaw's *The Millionairess*. "I've always wanted to do this part," twanged Katy. "This is a wonderful character embodying everything in me that people dislike, but which I like very much."

Delighted by his first fling at moviemaking, British Poet **T. S. Eliot** modestly said of the screen adaptation of his play *Murder in the Cathedral*: "I should not regret the experience even were the film which has resulted not the masterpiece which I believe it to be."

In England, oldtime Cinema Comics **Stan Laurel** & **Oliver Hardy**, doing a personal appearance at Newcastle theater, looked down their noses at the modern generation: "Present-day comedians, particularly those in America, gain laughs at the expense of someone else's discomfort. Insult gags are a crudity we avoid."



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PROJECT ICICLE: GENERAL OLD HAULING SUPPLY SLED
"I don't see how a man can live here."

Arctic Outpost

When "Project Icicle" was first discussed, few Air Force people besides Lieut. Colonel Joseph O. Fletcher had any real enthusiasm for it; the idea of a weather station floating lazily through the Arctic Ocean on a huge island of ice seemed just too fanciful. But Joe Fletcher, then C.O. of the 58th Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron at Fairbanks, Alaska, kept wheeling and nagging at his superiors. Last week Fletcher's party finally fought their way on to the ice island some 100 miles from the North Pole. With a double-thickness tent, a month's rations, primus stoves and a minimum of meteorological equipment, they set up camp.

New Landmark. Fletcher's crusade began over a year ago when the radar operator of a B-29 flying the dogleg "Ptarmigan" track (Alaska to the Pole) reported that he had picked up a strange target—an "island" of some sort where there should have been nothing but spongy, salt-water ice pack (*TIME*, Nov. 27, 1950). Because the 16-hour weather hops over the white wastes of the Arctic get monotonous, the crews took a lively interest in searching for a new landmark.

To Fletcher, T-1, as the first island was named, looked strangely like the great glacial ice-foot that puzzled Peary at the turn of the century. But if it was Peary's giant ice-foot, it was circling slowly across the top of the world in the sea currents that swirl through the Arctic. It might make an ideal, stable platform for scientific observation.

Alert Ptarmigan crews turned up two more islands, named them T-2 and T-3. Fletcher studied them, picked T-3 for his weather station. Then he convinced Major General William D. Old that it was time to organize Project Icicle. The time to land on T-3, they decided, was shortly after mid-March. The earth would be tilted properly on its axis and they would have the benefit of 24-hour daylight.

SCIENCE

Nightmare White. Last week a skilfully equipped C-47 of the 10th Rescue Squadron ferried Fletcher, Captain Marion F. Brinegar and Norwegian-born Dr. Kaare Rodahl, Arctic expert, to T-3. C-54 mother ships flew along to navigate and drop supplies. The only newsman on the expedition: *LIFE* Photographer George Silk.

In a nightmare of white haze, white snow and blinding Arctic glare, the C-47 pilot picked out a landing area. Time after time he skinned low over the island, slapping his skis on hummocks of ice, skipping from crest to crest like a stone over water. For nearly an hour he made passes at the island before he landed and slued to a halt. Photographer Silk

crawled from the plane to shoot his pictures.* General Old, who had flown as co-pilot, trudged back up the plane's ski tracks in the 60°-below-zero cold. "I don't see how a man can live here," he told Fletcher when he had staggered back.

But Colonel Fletcher had come too far to quit. The two men stood within a foot of each other, their hands over their faces, mumbbling against the cold that numbs men's minds. Every now & then they would drop their hands and jump about violently for warmth. Eventually Fletcher won the argument. He and his two assistants were permitted to stay, and General Old pitched in to help unload supplies.

Hillbilly Beacon. T-3 has been officially named "Fletcher's Ice Island." Its three inhabitants are busy setting up their instruments and clearing a runway. Soon they will be sending back information from the heart of the polar factory that manufactures much of the world's weather. And they will set up radio navigation aids for the steady flow of Ptarmigan and other Arctic flights.

Whatever else Fletcher's expedition accomplishes, airmen will be glad to home on its radio beacon. Navigating in the Arctic has never been like flying along well-marked southerly airways. Compasses go crazy in converging magnetic lines of force. The ice affords few check points. Celestial fixes are often impossible. But T-3 will be easily recognizable; its beacon will broadcast the cheery lyrics of an Alaskan hillbilly tune: "When the ice worms nest again . . ."

Journey into Space

Enthusiastic rocket men are convinced that, given enough money, they could begin right now to build a rocket that would carry men to the moon. Better still, they could put together an artificial satellite, a



COLONEL FLETCHER
He had come too far to quit.

* Which he developed in Manhattan, 23 hours later, after hitching a flight from Greenland on a M.A.T.S. transport.

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sort of interstellar service station, observation platform and motel (TIME, Sept. 17). The foreseeable difficulties can be shrugged off as mere "engineering details."

But one problem is more than an engineering detail: Can men survive the wild, high ride into outer space? Last week in Washington, Drs. J. P. Henry and E. R. Ballinger of the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base told how mice and monkeys are helping them find an answer.

Three white mice, one with part of the balance mechanism of his inner ear destroyed, were put in pressurized compartments in the noses of rockets. Movie cameras recorded their reactions as they shot into the thin upper atmosphere over White Sands, N. Mex. As the rockets neared the peak of their flights, they began to decelerate, then turned over and fell toward earth. For a few insane moments until they slowed down in dense air, the mice were essentially weightless. Buoyant and panicky, the two normal ones thrashed in their chambers until they felt the familiar pull of gravity again. The third, without equilibrium from the start, curled up in a nook and seemed not to care what was happening.

Five monkeys, with whom the doctors seemed to feel more identification, were better treated. They were anesthetized before being shot aloft. Doped on morphine and resting quietly on sponge-rubber beds, they rode 80 mi. into space. All the while, instruments registered the reactions of their cardiovascular and circulatory systems and the changes in their breathing. Radioed back to earth, this information suggested that the monkeys were not seriously disturbed. At any rate, not until they landed. Four died when their rockets' parachutes failed to open. A fifth got down safely, but—still unconscious from morphine—died of heat prostration in the desert.

Valuable as they may be, the Henry-Ballinger studies are only a beginning. They prove little about what will happen to men—or even animals—during the longer weightless periods of full-dress space travel. Monkeys and mice have not seen the end of this sort of thing. When bigger & better rockets are built, the scientists will be calling on them for help with still more answers.

Birth of an Island

Homeward bound to Los Angeles, the S.S. *Bright Star* was leaving the northern reach of the Philippines when the watch saw dense white clouds of smoke bursting out of the bosom of the Pacific. The *Bright Star's* skipper reported to Manila that an underwater volcano seemed to be erupting in the vicinity of Didicas Rocks, uninhabited islets some 70 miles off the coast of Luzon.

A U.S. Air Force plane took off from Clark Field last week with a group of newsmen. From a distance, the flyers could spot a towering column of smoke and steam that cut through the haze like a high-piled thunderhead. Closer in, they dropped down to observe green acres of





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ocean that were boiling and rolling. In the center of that vast caldera, breaking 250 feet above the surface, the crater of a new volcano could be seen belching clouds of gas and great black boulders.

The same area has given birth in the past to another volcano, which only disappeared after a time beneath eroding waves. The new eruption has brought no immediate danger, but civil and military officials along the north coast of Luzon are preparing their towns for the tidal wave that may follow its appearance.

"Take away the water," said a government volcanologist, "and there's no difference between this volcano and land volcanoes. It is in the process of building up a cone. Most likely it has been in that process for centuries." Superstitious natives think otherwise. Some say the Didicas Rocks are the steeples of an old Spanish church, submerged long ago by God to



Associated Press
NEW CONE OF UNDERWATER VOLCANO
Were the friars repenting?

punish some wicked Spanish friars. The smoking crater, they insist, is a hole in the church dome, a chimney for incense being burned by the long-dead friars as an act of repentance.

About 70 miles to the south, on the tiny island of Camiguin in the Mindanao Sea, a violent earthquake warned natives that towering Hibok-Hibok might be preparing for another eruption. Last December its molten lava and deadly gases killed hundreds of *Camiguenos* (TIME, Dec. 17). Now, after the earthquake, a reddish glow in the sky above the volcano is an almost sure sign that the lava has again boiled close to the rim of the crater.

Despite the danger, *Camiguenos* who have returned home are unwilling to leave. President Quirino, they say, promised them land on Mindanao if they migrated after the last eruption. They found nothing but broken promises. It may take another disaster to uproot them again.

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MUSIC

Whistles at La Scala

The honor of a La Scala première is great, but the abuse is often greater. Verdi-happy Milan audiences, traditionally suspicious of new operas, have vented their scorn at scores of composers, including Puccini, whose *Madame Butterfly* took a fearful drubbing in 1904, and Menotti, whose *Consul* was booted last year (*TIME*, Feb. 5, 1951). Last week a handsomely dressed full house in the 174-year-old Teatro alla Scala gave another honored visitor the works.

Argentina's foremost composer, Juan José Castro,⁸ 57, had reason to believe he would fare pretty well. A panel of distinguished judges, including Stravinsky, Honegger and La Scala's principal conductor, Victor de Sabata, had picked his *Proserpina and the Stranger* over 137 other entries (16 from the U.S.) in La Scala's international contest for the best three-act opera. A philosophical soul, Castro was surprised but not overwhelmed at winning the contest. Said he: "I am always prepared for things not to go well. For me, submitting the opera was like playing the lottery." He got enthusiastic applause when he stepped to the podium to conduct. But almost with the first notes the clouds began to gather.

The curtains pulled back on a curious scene. The stage was split by two large pillars; on either side stood a robed and hooded chorus of commentators, eerie in green and violet light. The action took place on a center stage created between the pillars, and much of it was violent—a skirmish between Proserpina's lover and the police, an old-fashioned hair-pulling and biting scene between Proserpina and her jealous rival, and near the end, a rooftop death battle between a stranger and Proserpina's evil friends. Musically, Composer Castro offered only a dissonant mosaic. There were vigorous Latin rhythms and fresh and sometimes stringent harmonies, but no big, powerful themes, and only snatches of anything hummable.

After the first act, the tension broke. Out came the whistles (the ultimate in Italian expressions of disapproval). Partisans took up the challenge, shouted bravos. When Castro came back to the podium to begin the second-act prelude, he had to wait a full two minutes, back to the audience, for the din to die down. Before the opera was over, his critics were shouting, "Viva Verdi!" "Viva Wagner!" and even "Coca-Cola!"—from one listener who seemed to have North and South America confused.

Proserpina got six curtain calls. Said well-satisfied Composer Castro, calmly eating an orange after the final curtain: "Everything was very well organized, even the opposition."

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* Who is officially ignored in Argentina: in 1946, he published an open letter declaring that Peronismo was leading the country to "utter confusion and ruin."

It's the Style

If you're happy and your eyes are always dry,
Don't you know that it's the style to sob and sigh,
Singers do it, crowds do it, even little white clouds do it.
You, too, can be unhappy if you taaaa-ry!

These words of a song called *Try*, wildly sobbed, gulped, gurgled and wailed, last week were beginning to ooze out of radios and jukeboxes across the land at a depressing rate. In Los Angeles, one adolescent worshiper of Crooner Johnny Ray, the Mossadegh of music, hurried to a friend to confide: "The guy went clear out on this one—he sounds like he really broke up." Other devotees, sharp enough to sniff a burlesque on their idol, launched



Alton Grant—LIFE

COMPOSER FREBERG

"I'm up to my hips in tears."

an avalanche of protests at hilarious disk jockeys and at Capitol Records.

Try, a burlesque of Johnny Ray's best-seller *Cry*, is the work of Stan Freberg, 25, an exponent of the Al Capp-Henry Morgan school of humor, who is otherwise known to Los Angeles' junior TV fans as Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent on the *Time for Beany* show.

Freberg, who first hit the satirical record big time with his *John and Marsha* take-off on soap operas, got the idea for *Try* while eating in a Hollywood restaurant. The jukebox kept droning Johnny Ray records—"and pretty soon I'm up to my hips in tears."

Composer Freberg thought to himself, "The whole [pop music] industry is turning into one big wailing wall . . . Somebody ought to do a take-out on it." He called in his collaborator, a melancholy little man named Ruby Raksin, who has contributed to the literature of music such gems as *When It's Pickle Picking Time*



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Down in Dixie, Dixie Pick a Pickle for Mel, and went to work.

Now that Try is spinning its way to momentary fame, Freberg is already at work on another situation that he believes needs some taking-off. Excerpt from his newest, *Abe Snake for President*:

*I'll re-do the White House in a
flowered calico,
The furniture can stay, boy, but the
piano's gotta go.
If I don't make much salary, I'm not
afraid of that
'Cause if I get elected, well, there's
other ways to skin a cat.*

Atom Overture

Arthur Roberts of the University of Rochester is a man with two abiding interests: nuclear physics and music. While studying for his M.A. at Columbia in the '30s, he also found time to get a diploma at Manhattan School of Music. Even while working in the radiation laboratory at M.I.T. during the war, he managed to write a piano sonata, a quartet, two worthy operettas and some good-humored songs, including one called *The Cyclotronist's Nightmare*.

Last week Physicist Roberts' newest composition, *An Overture for the Dedication of a Nuclear Reactor*, got a fitting first performance—by the 69-piece Oak Ridge (Tenn.) Symphony Orchestra (30 atomic scientists, 16 wives, some sons & daughters).

In the Oak Ridge High School Auditorium, lanky (6 ft. 4 in.) Dr. Roberts, 39, heard Conductor Waldo Cohn, a bio-chemist, explain the new piece to one of the few audiences in the world who could understand the composer's complex program notes.

The first of the overture's four sections, according to Dr. Roberts, features four motives: the tones of A-E-C, and then the harmonic intervals 6-C-12 (formula: sixth element on the periodic table, carbon, atomic weight 12); then 92-235 (92nd element, uranium), and 94-239 (94th element, plutonium). In the third section, "quite a lot happens when the pile goes critical": the 92-239 theme goes through some well-known transmutations. This is accompanied by the increasingly rapid operation of a BF-3 theme (boron tri-fluoride) in the woodwinds, and is terminated by a 'scram' for which I found it expedient to use cadmium (C-D)."

When Dr. Cohn finally launched the orchestra into the eleven-minute piece, it was not as awesome and confusing as Composer Roberts' description. Most found it pleasantly melodic and rhythmically interesting, particularly in the long, Bolero-like section called "Initial Operation." Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of research at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, thought it "captured the spirit of a reactor operation." Said another physicist: "Listening to it, you could see the pile growing."

Oak Ridge's local music critic found some of it "rather repetitious. But then, so is a chain reaction."



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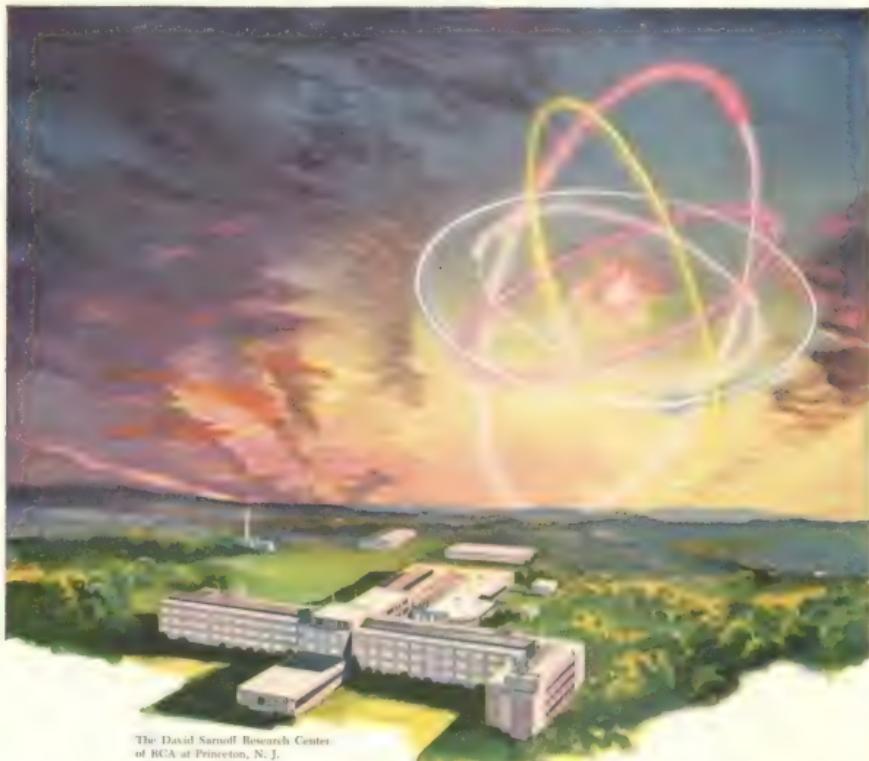
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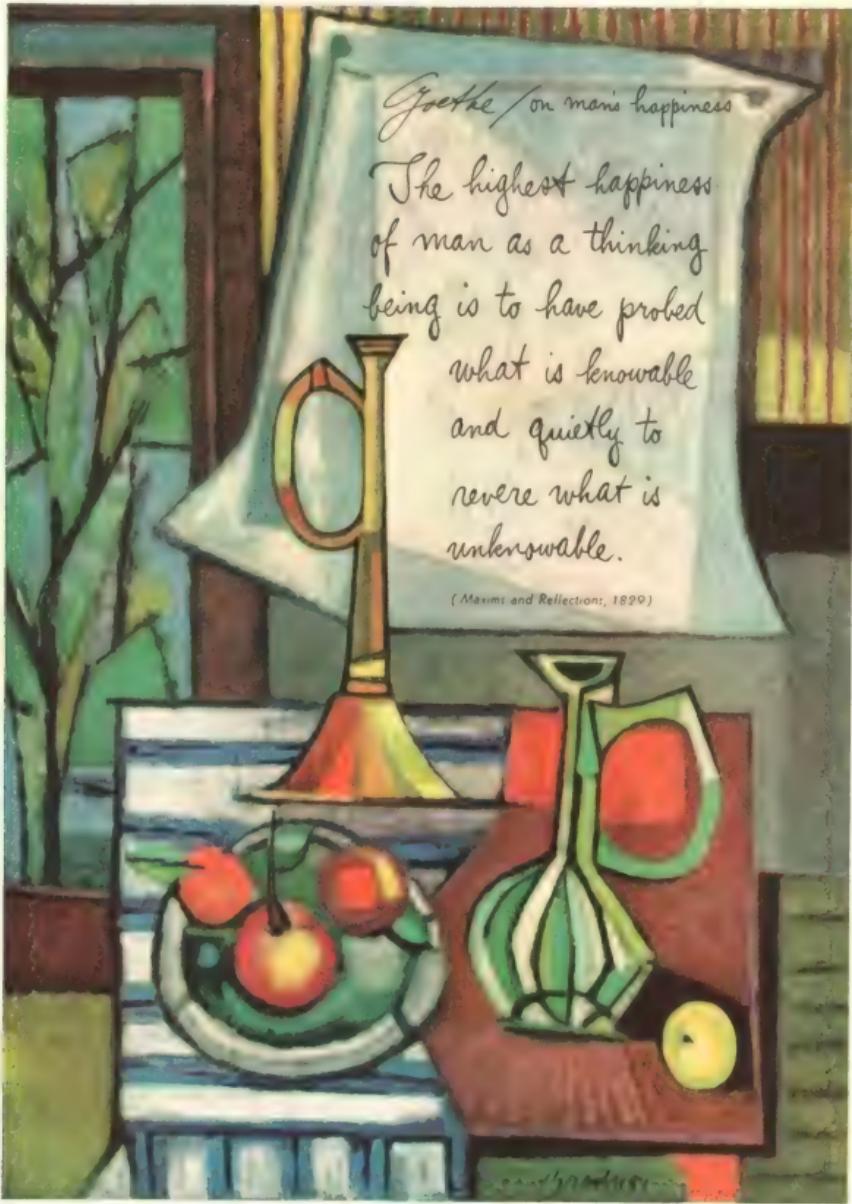
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(*Maxims and Reflections*, 1899)



Pegler v. the Vatican

From Hearst's New York *Journal-American* Westbrook Pegler's terrible-tempered column was conspicuously missing one day last week. Reason: as often happens, the column was deemed too hot to print.

Other papers like McCormick's Washington *Times-Herald* and Hearst's Detroit *Times* did run the column, and the specific reason for the *Journal-American's* silence was plain.

Three weeks ago, while he was on a European trip, Pegler reported that in Rome he had delivered an eye-opening report to the Vatican's "highest authority" on union labor and the "criminality and au-

THE PRESS

The Unthinkable

In the comic-strip world of Li'l Abner the unthinkable is always happening. But few readers ever expected the most unthinkable event of all: the ("gulp") marriage of Li'l Abner to Daisy Mae. Though Abner has been close enough to the altar to sniff the smoke from the cigar of self-made Magistrate Marryin' Sam, Cartoonist Al Capp always stepped in, in time's nick, with a save. Once, at the crucial moment, a gas explosion blasted Abner into a tree out of Daisy Mae's reach. Another time, after Preacher Sam had completed

ers have begun to complain that it is "un-American," and he thinks a marriage, even a \$1.35 (new inflation price) Dogpatch one, will introduce a wholesome note. Says Capp: "When I kidded advertising, people wrote, 'Don't you know advertising is the backbone of America?' This attitude made me uneasy about kidding America . . . The only thing for me to do seemed to be to change completely, hoping that in another year the air would clear." Actually, Capp also has a more practical reason: the marriage opens up a new wealth of material. Asks Capp: "How will Abner, who has never worked, support Daisy Mae? Will they have a family? Who will boss the household?"

By the time Li'l Abner fans have recov-



WEDDING OF LI'L ABNER & DAISY MAE IN DOGPATCH
This time no miracle ("gulp") in time's nick.

Al Capp—United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

tocratic rule of American unions." His anonymous authority was so impressed with what he had to say that "he said it would be beneficial if I would write for the Holy Father a statement of the truth in care of the Papal Secretary of State."

As soon as it read of Pegler's lecture, the Catholic Welfare Conference News Service fired off a query to its Vatican correspondent. Last week it sent out the reply to more than 100 U.S. and Canadian Catholic newspapers. Said the News Service: "Official sources in the Vatican stated categorically that no Holy See official has been authorized to treat with anyone concerning union problems . . . The same sources had no knowledge whatever of the possibility of the so-called 'official' mentioned in the Westbrook Pegler story, and they disavowed any Holy See association with the Pegler attack on U.S. unions and union leaders."

Pegler swung right back with his usual fury. Wrote he: The Catholic News Service "agents are either liars or such bad reporters that they cannot verify a fact which could easily be verified on their own beat . . . I will stake my word against any man, whatever his office." In Rome, an official spokesman again said that 1) the Vatican had no knowledge of Pegler's ever talking with any high official, and 2) there is no such thing as a Vatican specialist on labor matters. Perhaps, said the Vatican spokesman charitably, Pegler talked to some priest or monsignor, who either personally shared his views or was just trying to be polite and asked Pegler for a report on labor to get rid of him.

the \$1.25 ceremony (with "hootin' an' hollerin', catch-as-can rasslin'" . . . and several embarrassing jokes told in a loud voice as yo' departs on yore honeymoon"), Li'l Abner was reprieved; his marriage license had expired. But this week the most unthinkable is happening.

Man of Honor. As all Al Capp's "slobbering fans" know, Abner is a man of honor. When he joined a club honoring his comic-strip idol Detective Fearless Fosdick (Capp's take-off on Dick Tracy), he swore to follow Fosdick's example in every way. Fosdick soon posed a terrible problem to Abner. During an economy drive on the police force, Fosdick was told by his chief that unless he married, he would be axed along with all the other bachelors. Since a "scientific aptitude test" proved Detective Fosdick too stupid for any other job, he grudgingly married his hatchet-faced girl friend Prudence ("ugh!"). Pimpleton,* Abner, true to his pledge, had to follow suit. However, he was so confident a miracle would save him that he did not even bother to get out of bed on the morning when Daisy Mae breathlessly held him to his promise (*see cut*). But this time, no matter what happens to Fosdick, Abner will stay married.

A Wholesome Note. After 18 years, Capp has finally bowed to true love because he has become worried over the heavy load of satire his strip carries. Read-

ered from the shock of the marriage, Capp will have another surprise for them. Next fall, he plans to make Fearless Fosdick a separate comic strip and has already lined up papers in 30 cities.

Pull to the Right

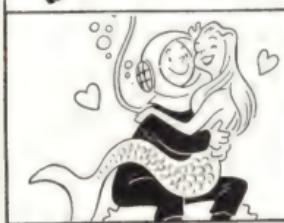
The goal of the fortnightly *Freeman*, in the words of Editor John Chamberlain, is to be "the best right-wing magazine of opinion" in the U.S. Last week, 18 months after its first issue, Editor Chamberlain reported that the *Freeman* had taken some big steps toward its goal. At a time when most magazines of opinion are struggling to keep alive, its circulation has been increasing 1,000 a month, from a scant 6,000 to almost 20,000.

Beginning with its next issue, the *Freeman* will be dressed up in a slick-paper cover. For the first time it will carry ads and go on sale on newsstands (in 50 cities) outside New York. Bossing distribution will be Alex L. Hillman, a successful publisher (*Pageant*, *Marieland*, *People Today*, twelve pulps). Added to the *Freeman's* editorial board, which includes Suzanne La Follette and Henry Hazlitt, will be Forrest Davis, an ex-editor of Scripps-Howard's *Rocky Mountain News*, political writer and onetime Washington editor of the *Satirist*.

Ground Swell. Chamberlain credits the *Freeman's* upsurge to a "political and psychological ground swell in our direction," and he hopes not only to ride it but to help influence it. In the '30s, when Chamberlain was a young stalwart of the left wing, he was well aware of the force

* The face was familiar to Capp but the name escaped him. When Fosdick's bride first turned up in the strip several years ago her name was Bess Backache.

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exerted on middle-of-the-roaders by the lefist press. "We are now trying," says Rightist Chamberlain, "to pull the middle-of-the-road back to the right." Thus far the *Freeman's* pull has been hard, and uneven. The magazine has pointed out why the Administration's weak foreign policy has failed more often than it has succeeded, has relentlessly fought Communism, and every form of statism, inveighed against materialist influences in U.S. courts and education. Among its noteworthy articles: one by Ohio's Senator John Bricker pointing out that the U.N.'s Covenant of Human Rights was full of traps for the West, and a widely reprinted piece by George Schuyler, an editor of the Negro Pittsburgh *Courier*, punching holes in the Communist-drawn picture of the "enslaved" American Negro.

FLOTSAM & JETSAM. On the other hand, the *Freeman* often shouts at its enemies in the same shrill tones it damns the left for



Maurice Garber

EDITOR CHAMBERLAIN

"People either love or hate us."

using. In defending Senator McCarthy, for example, it calls his critics "mad" people who, like Pavlov's dogs, "foam" at the mouth every time his name is mentioned. It extravagantly hails John T. Flynn (*The Road Ahead, While You Slept*) as the "keenest journalist of our day," although many rightists think Flynn's hatred of Franklin Roosevelt has blinded his once sharp reporter's eye. The *Freeman* itself is often so blinded by its own extreme right-wing prejudices that it labels "liberal" Republicans ("i.e., those who don't think *Caen* can win") "illiterates."

As a reaction to this mixture, "people," says Chamberlain, "either love or hate us." But the *Freeman's* business backers like the results well enough to give the editors a completely free hand. Though it lost \$97,000 last year, the *Freeman's* editors confidently expect to reach their break-even point of 30,000 readers by the end of this year.

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The college Dr. Neuman now runs was founded by two men who believed, as he does, that the U.S. is the hope of Jewish



DROPSIE'S NEUMAN
He found a future in the past.

learning. Dr. Cyrus Adler, then assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Moses A. Dropsie, a wealthy Philadelphia lawyer, dreamed of a "Golden Age of Jewish Literature" in the U.S. When Dropsie died in 1905, he left \$1,000,000 to found Dropsie College.

Doctors Only. In a two-story stone building on Philadelphia's busy Broad Street, Librarian Adler began setting up the kind of school Lawyer Dropsie had in mind. There were to be no restrictions on race, creed or sex, and no tuition fees. Only candidates for doctorates would be accepted, and the admission requirements would be kept purposely stiff.

At first, Dropsie College had only three professors and a dozen students. Dr. Neuman was brought in to set up a history department in 1913, but Dropsie remained small and select; only about two of every five theses were accepted.

When Dr. Adler died in 1940, Neuman



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took over his office and began to expand the college, which now has 15 professors, 125 students. Dr. Neuman organized new departments of Jewish philosophy and Hebrew literature, the history of Semitic civilization, comparative religion, education and Assyriology. In 1948 he added modern Middle Eastern studies to the curriculum, and the State Department now sends some promising young diplomats to Drosie for a one-year orientation course before packing them off to posts in the Middle East.

The Best Reply. One ambitious project has been brewing since 1933, when Adolf Hitler burned the books. "The best reply," said Neuman, "would be to restore some of the great works that have been virtually lost to the Jewish people." He gathered a team of 20 scholars, got a grant from Manhattan's Littauer Foundation, and began translating into English the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigrapha, a series of ancient non-canonical writings closely connected to the Bible.

Two volumes have already been published and three more are on the way. Dr. Neuman reckons that he will be 70 before all 30 volumes are finished, but he plans no rest. He envisions still another project: a monumental history of the Jewish people from earliest times. This project, says Neuman, would take at least 20 years and be beyond his life span. "It is not thy duty," says the grey-haired scholar, quoting from the Jewish prayer book, "to complete the work, but neither art thou free to desist from it!"

Report Card

¶ In Winter Park, Fla., last week, the year-long feud between Dr. Paul A. Wagner and Rollins College (*TIME*, March 19, 1951 *et seq.*) came to an official end. Ex-President Wagner, who was fired as the climax of a quarrel that started with his dismissal of 23 professors for "economy" reasons, announced that he had settled his \$100,000 libel suit against the college for \$50,000, and had withdrawn his \$500,000 damage suit against eleven trustees. After both sides agreed to say nothing more, Wagner fired a Parthian shot: "[I was] a scapegoat . . . I carried out the instructions of the board of trustees . . ." Then he announced his new job: executive director of the Ford-sponsored Film Council of America, which produces and distributes educational films. ¶ After four months of loafing around the campus Coke machines, a U.S. Secret Service agent pounced on three University of Wyoming students and hustled them off to jail. Their crime: shrinking pennies to dime-size in a one-minute bath of nitric acid. The law conceded that only about \$20 worth of Cokes had been stolen in all, and that as many as 20 other students had done the same thing, but it still charged the three pranksters with mutilating U.S. currency. Bail was set at \$1,000 apiece. Maximum penalty: a \$2,000 fine and five years in jail.

¶ *The Ethics of the Fathers*, Chapter II, Verse 21.



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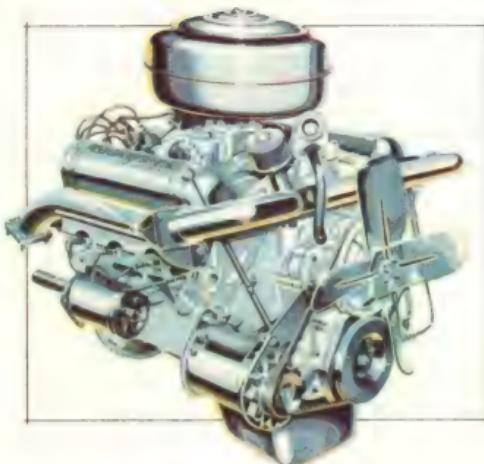
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MILESTONES

Married. Betty (*The Greatest Show on Earth*) Hutton, 31, cinemactress, who said: "I don't enjoy being free"; and Hollywood Dance Director Charles O'Curran, 37; both for the second time; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Married. August A. ("Gussie") Busch Jr., 52, hereditary president of Anheuser-Busch, Inc. (Budweiser beer); and Gertrude ("Trudie") Buholzer, 28, a Swiss restaurateur's daughter whom he met in Switzerland in 1949 while on a trip to buy a black schnauzer; he for the third time; in Hot Springs, Ark.

Divorced. By Pearl (*Tired*) Bailey, 33, Negro nightclub singer and musicomediene (*Arms and the Girl*): John Randolph Pinkett Jr., 37, her third husband, who, she charged: 1) interfered with her career; 2) hit her with a telephone, and 3) "split my skull open" with a pistol; after almost four years of marriage; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Don Stephen Senanayake, 67; first Prime Minister of Ceylon; of brain injuries, in a fall from his horse; in Colombo, Ceylon (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, 67, Adolf Hitler's last Ambassador to the U.S.; after long illness; in Lenzkirch, Germany. Distantly related by marriage to Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, chunky, affable, Roman Catholic Dieckhoff was required, as his first public act in the U.S., to chide Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago for referring to Hitler as "that Austrian paper hanger." After 18 months in the U.S., Diplomat Dieckhoff was recalled by the Führer in 1938 and never came back.

Died. Baron Lindsay of Birker, 72 (Alexander Dunlop ["Sandy"] Lindsay), for 25 years the learned master of Balliol College, Oxford; at Stoke-on-Trent, England. Fabian Socialist Lindsay, more noted as an educator than as a scholar, believed that English university education is too stereotyped (mere intellectual training produces only "the clever ass," he once said). In 1938, he stood unsuccessfully for Parliament as a "popular front" anti-Munich candidate from Oxford. His lectures on political theory after World War I prompted one hearer to say: "One had the sense of being present at an occasion." His son Michael, a graduate student in Canberra, Australia, succeeds to the barony created in 1945. The son's wife, Hsiao Li, who served with Red-sympathizing Michael in Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla forces in 1941-45, is the first Chinese woman ever to become a British peeress.

Died. Camillo Serafini, 88, governor and top civil officer of Vatican City since the Lateran Treaty of 1929 between Italy and the Holy See; of angina pectoris; in Rome.

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JAGUAR

THE THEATER

The Happy Ham

(See Cover)

More than half a million Americans during the past year have been bewitched by the Devil. This particular Devil is a jovial old party who wears a rumpled dinner jacket over his generous paunch, and sports no horns or tail. His glance, though sometimes leering, is never demoniac, and he talks about Heaven and Hell with a twinkle, like a fat, fond uncle.

The Devil's name is Charles Laughton, and he speaks of Heaven and Hell in the 50-year-old words of George Bernard Shaw. Next week, as Laughton brings Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* on its third trip into Manhattan for an eight-week run, he enjoys the satanic satisfaction of a man who has confounded the experts, given a new theatrical trend a tremendous boost, and turned the old pastime of reading aloud into a booming big business.

The touring *Don Juan* has already piled up gross profits of more than \$1,000,000. When it was interrupted three months ago to let the cast do some movie acting, Charles Laughton went off on a solo tour, to give readings from the Bible, Aesop and Dickens. Six weeks later he pocketed \$90,000 of the \$164,000 gross. Laughton says complacently: "Contrary to what I'd been told in the entertainment industry, people everywhere have a common shyness for literature."

Shining Sticks. With *Don Juan in Hell*, Laughton is tossing a sizable bone to the culture-starved. *Don Juan*, the seldom-played third act of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, is a dream sequence that is short on dramatic action and two hours long on Shavian talk about sex, marriage, war & peace, science, religion, literature, politics and man's fate. Before it was tried by Laughton and the other talented members of the cast (Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Agnes Moorehead), *Don Juan* had never had a major U.S. production. "The longest theatrical aside in the his-

How to Read Aloud at Home

(The Laughton System)

Don't Sit Down. You can read more easily and with less strain if your torso is erect. Put a bench or chair on a table and use it as a breast-high lectern. Lean on it all you want. **Speak Naturally.** Your normal voice is your best reading voice—use it. **Don't Go Highbrow.** Pick a book that you know and enjoy. Since it will be more fun for you, it will be more fun for your listeners. **Never Make It a Chore.** Qui reading when you're tired or your attention begins to wander. If a story bores you, stop it and start another. There's no harm done if you skip a few evenings.

Let Your Listeners Alone. They can sew or knit or repair fishing tackle. Don't make them feel that listening is a duty. **When You Stop Reading, Start Talking.** Mental stimulation is the goal. You've shared the reading, now share the ideas that come from it,

tory of the drama," it was regarded as inferior for the library than the stage. Shaw himself conceded that it would never be successfully played because "they . . . will think it nothing but a pack of words."

But audiences throughout the U.S.—in Oakland, New Orleans, Salt Lake City, Syracuse and Williamsport, Pa.—have been eating it up. Businessmen and bobby-soxers, college students and clubwomen have jammed theaters and auditoriums and high-school gymnasiums to hear the Devil and Don Juan swap epigrams and arguments. As the grosses mounted, the show-business weekly, *Variety*, headlined: "STICKS OUTSHINE BROADWAY."

Other actors jumped aboard the bandwagon: Tyrone Power got ready to tour

with Poet Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*; Sarah Churchill and Edward Thommen headed west to read the letters of Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw; Emyl Williams arrived from London with the novels of Charles Dickens under his arm. One might have thought the movies, radio and television had never been invented, and that the golden years of the Chautauqua circuit[®] were back again.

French Accent. Besides playing in *Don Juan*, Charles Laughton staged and cast it. At first, he had trouble signing up Charles Boyer, who was afraid his French accent might make a hash of the long set speeches. "All right, Charles," said Laughton, "please recast the show for me and find someone else to do *Don Juan*." The delicate compliment did the trick. Says Laughton: "The public forgets that Boyer was a great actor before he ever became a romantic lead in movies."

Boyer is also a great hypochondriac. During most of the first tour, he kept constant check on his temperature with two thermometers. Sometimes he even sneaked one on stage, concealed it behind his hand and took his temperature between lines. Once, Agnes Moorehead threw him a sudden, unexpected cue, and Boyer had to sputter the thermometer out of his mouth before returning to his role of the Great Lover.

Chautauqua began in 1874 as a summer training camp for Methodist Sunday-school teachers. When cultural lectures were added to the religious curriculum, thousands flocked to the outdoor "God's temple" on the shores of New York's Lake Chautauqua. After the turn of the century, lecturers, singers, Swiss bell-ringers, dramatic troupes and dancers were touring a circuit of 200 Chautauquas in 31 states. In 1924, Chautauqua's peak, summer brought brown Chautauqua tents to 12,000 towns. More than 10 million people heard such singers as Galli-Curci and John McCormick, such politicians as Al Smith, Senator Bob La Follette and Socialist Eugene Debs. Russell H. Conwell gave his famous "Acres of Diamonds" speech nearly 6,000 times, and another spellbinder, William Jennings Bryan, was able to draw "40 acres of parked Fords." Movies and radio combined to finish Chautauqua: in 1925 it quickly and quietly faded away.



THE FIRST DRAMA QUARTETTE: LAUGHTON, BOYER, MOOREHEAD, HARDWICKE
From Oakland to New Orleans, the Devil revived an old pastime.

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HENRY VIII



CAPTAIN BLIGH

In the linen closet, a captive pantrymaid.

Laughton's most difficult problem, triumphantly solved, was the staging of *Don Juan*. The tours were a hopscotch of one- and two-night stands, often hundreds of miles apart. The stages were anything from a banquet hall to a fraternal temple. There was no use carrying elaborate settings or props; there might not be adequate lights or even a curtain.

For a time, Laughton fiddled with plans to bathe each actor in a pool of light, or to sit them on ladders with enormous trains of cloth. He finally settled for simplicity. Recalling the "drama" of intent musicians turning the pages of their scores as they play, he perched the actors on high stools, got four music stands and four outsized, green-bound scripts to place on each stand. There is no curtain. Laughton merely walks on stage, makes a few pleasant, informal remarks, and introduces the other players. They get on their stools, open their books, and the play begins.

What the audience sees is really simplicity, however, but deep theatrical cunning. Only gradually—and sometimes not at all—do theatergoers become aware that the cast is acting, without seeming to act. "Every movement of the body, even the turning of the pages, becomes important," explains Laughton. "You mustn't move, except for a startling effect." As the tempo increases, an actor will slip from his stool and move to center stage in time for his big prose "aria." As theater-wise Director Jed Harris pointed out: "By appearing to read, but actually knowing their parts by heart, they make the whole thing come alive. In a theatrical production, the power of illusion would be much more difficult." Playwright J. B. Priestley, who saw the show in Brooklyn, was inspired to write the actors a new play. "I got excited about it. I saw that there was in it the basis of a new form. You couldn't call it drama—perhaps heightened debate or oratory."

Caught in the Closet. Charles Laughton's love of the theater took a quarter-century to find its outlet. He was born in 1890 in the Victoria Hotel in Scarborough, a resort town on the east coast of England. As the eldest of the three sons of hotel-owning Robert and Elizabeth Laughton, he was supposed to follow in their footsteps. But Charles showed his inclination early. He played endlessly with a toy puppet show until his brother Tom,

who had built a guillotine out of a camera shutter, beheaded the marionettes. Laughton's next theatrical disaster came at the age of eight: his mother surprised him in a large linen closet, where, dressed in pillows and sheets, he was performing dramatic solos before a captive audience of one entranced pantrymaid.

At Stonyhurst College, Charles landed a part in a school play. His first press notice read, in its entirety: "We hope to see some more of Mr. Laughton." Others hoped to see less. A Scarborough neighbor described the adolescent Charles: "He was one of the most ungainly schoolboys I ever saw, very fat, with a huge head, and a little cap. We should dearly have liked to have kicked him . . ."

After Stonyhurst, Charles was sent to London, to learn hotelkeeping at Claridge's. He spent most of his spare time, and all his money, at the theater; he managed to see *Chu-Chin-Chow* 13 times. In World War I, Laughton was a private by choice ("Something told me I might not be the kind of fellow to take command of men under fire"), was gassed and invalided home. He spent the next five years in Scarborough, ostensibly working in his

family's hotel; actually, he was hanging about amateur theatricals. His persistence paid off. His family gave in, and made him a small allowance. Charles went to London again and enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Horrible Higgins. He arrived, says a fellow student, as "a great lout of a fellow with a North Country accent, who couldn't find his hat because he was sitting on it." But when Laughton began to recite, he ceased to be a figure of fun: he held the room spellbound. For his portrayal of Higgins in Shaw's *Pygmalion*, he won the academy's highest award. Shaw dropped in on one rehearsal and commented: "Young man, you were horrible as my Higgins, but nothing will stop you from getting to the top of the tree in a year."

Shaw knew an actor when he saw one. Within twelve months Laughton appeared in eight West End plays, and kept on climbing. In 1920 he married Elsa Lanchester, who had played his secretary in Arnold Bennett's *Mr. Prohock*. Elsa, a redhead, was the toast of the Bloomsbury intellectuals. She had danced with Isadora Duncan, was part-owner of a hole-in-the-wall nightclub, and was getting tired of being called "elfin." In her elfin book, *Charles Laughton and I*, Elsa says they first became interested in one another when they discovered that, though ordinarily gabby, they were practically dumb when they were alone together.

Whose Movie? Laughton reached Broadway in *Payment Deferred* (1931), a grim little drama that won more critical praise than public favor. He followed it with a flop, *The Fatal Attraction*, but by that time he had caught the eye of Hollywood scouts, and was signed to make *The Devil and the Deep* for Paramount. In a crowded Hollywood restaurant, the Laughtons were set upon by Tallulah Bankhead, who roared: "Dahlings! I hear you're going to be in my movie!" There were other slights. When the Hollywood eye first lit on Laughton, the Hollywood voice said: "Who's the fat man?" Elsa, even more of an unknown than her husband, spent her time examining what she called the "late Marzipan" architecture of Southern California.

But Laughton in *The Devil* and *The Deep* made an impression—even on Hollywood. He was offered the role of Nero in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Sign of the Cross*, and followed with star parts in *If I*



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Had a Million, Island of Lost Souls, and the movie version of Payment Deferred (Elsa's role in it was given to Maureen O'Sullivan), and dejected Elsa went back to England; she returned later and has been outstanding in numerous character parts, notably in Come to the Stable and The Big Clock). In the next decade Laughton became the movies' top character actor in such box-office smashers as The Private Life of Henry VIII, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Ruggles of Red Gap, Les Misérables, Mutiny on the Bounty, The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

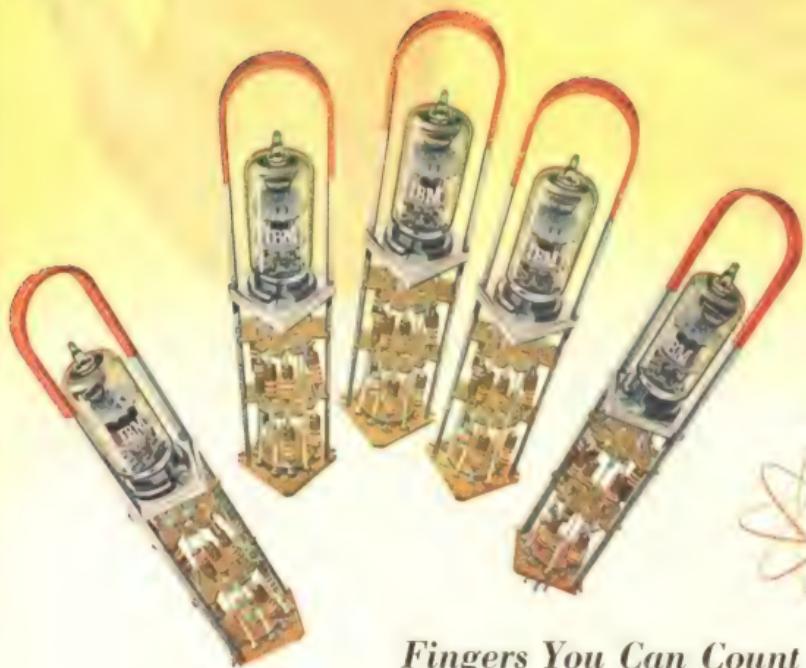
At the very height of his movie career, Laughton abandoned the screen for six months to act with the small, serious-minded Old Vic company in London for £20 a week. This disinterested gesture produced an artistic failure that still rankles, for though Laughton threw himself passionately into the role of Macbeth, he admits now that he "stank it up." Flora Robson, who played Lady Macbeth, thinks he had all the intensity needed for Shakespeare, but no feeling for the poetry. "He just rolled it out like a steamroller."

Laughton has figured out this failure by now: "I was not told about the iambic pentameter and I tried to make sense of Shakespeare and that will not do. What you do is to listen to Shakespeare and obey his rules, one of his rules is the iambic pentameter, and if you are lucky and have an ear Shakespeare will make sense of you."

But if Shakespeare eluded him, Hollywood did not. The Laughtons became thoroughly acclimated to California, and planned to become U.S. citizens (a goal they reached in 1950). Then came World War II, and the Battle of Britain. They hurried to a British consulate to ask how they could help, and were told to stay where they were. In 1940 their London flat was bombed out. Both feel, uneasily, that the British public has never quite forgiven them for sitting out the war in the U.S.

During the war years, Laughton was restless. He tried to lose himself in his collection of art (Renoir, Cézanne, Utrillo), and in organizing classical jam sessions. Then he began dropping into U.S. Army hospitals, where he read aloud from Charles Dickens, James Thurber, Aesop, Thomas Wolfe, the Bible. Says Laughton: "The men in the hospital, unlike the people in the theaters, when they didn't understand said so out loud and if I didn't understand either I learned to admit it . . . And when I did understand and they did not, I knew I wasn't doing it right and wrestled with it until they did . . ." The attention he got from the wounded soldiers first led Laughton to suspect that a lot of Americans want more than comic books in their literary diet. He passionately urges people to read to each other at home (see box). He is convinced that it is the sort of shared experience that draws families and friends closer together.

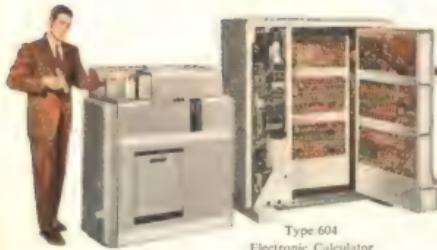
Man in a Bar. Three years ago, Laughton did his reading on Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* TV show. At the moment he



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Elsa Lanchester

She got a bear with a pink plush heart, went on the air, a young man named Paul Gregory happened to drop into a Manhattan bar. He stared entranced at the bar's TV set as Laughton dramatized his readings by ballerine turnings of his heavy body, ducking his dewlap chin into his collar, shooting sly glances from his spaniel-sad eyes. Greatly excited, Gregory phoned Laughton at his hotel, went up to see him the next afternoon, and stayed long into the night. By the time he left, he had convinced Laughton that he should go on a cross-country tour and make people pay to hear his readings.

Gregory's career had been almost the reverse of Laughton's. A remarkably handsome young man, Gregory complains that people were always trying to make an actor of him and ignoring his undeniable talents for business and organization. After bit parts in movies and radio, he had finally got the sort of job he wanted, as a concert manager for Music Corporation of America.

Laughton's solo reading tours were made under M.C.A. sponsorship, but 30-year-old Gregory quit his job and went into business for himself to manage the First Drama Quartette (which plays *Don Juan in Hell*). He claims that his four prima donnas display surprisingly little temperament. Laughton, says Gregory, "has a reputation for being difficult, and he can be extremely difficult. But Charles and I work very well together." Agnes Moorehead and Cedric Hardwicke have the controlled emotions of veteran troupers. The only near blowup was caused by Boyer, who got a case of nerves during the chaotic train and plane rides of a series of one-night stands. Boyer called in Gregory and announced that he was quitting. Gregory silkily assented, but added, as an afterthought, that the instant Boyer left he would be served with a \$100,000 lawsuit for breach of contract. With Gallic practicality, Boyer calmed down.

Terrible to Terrific. The success of Laughton's readings has revived a critics' wrangle over the quality of his acting. Opinions range, as they always have, from terrible to terrific. One noted Broadway director calls him "100% true-blue ham." But British Cinemogul Sir Alexander Korda insists that Laughton is a genius. "He has a feverish will for being superlatively good, a wonderful sincerity."

Fellow actors are apt to give him bad marks in technique, but they are impressed by his ability to immerse himself in a role, study it, think about it, live it. When he played *Rembrandt*, he read every scrap he could find about the painter down to details on what kind of brushes-artists used in the 17th century. As the domineering father in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, he became intolerably high & mighty around his own home. When he acted the murderer in *Payment Deferred*, he got so morose he nearly had a nervous breakdown. Says Korda of these soul struggles: "What he needs is not a director but a midwife."

It is this passion for living his parts that has led his wife to call Laughton "a gifted amateur." Charles shrugs agreement: "Why not? After all, amateur means lover," doesn't it? I see no reason why a professional shouldn't love his work as much as a hobbyist loves his."

Proud to Plato. Offstage, the Laughtons live a quietly busy life in a small (for Hollywood), eleven-room house that has little ground of its own but happily faces on to acres of a neighbor's orchards. Elsa works steadily at her non-paying job with Hollywood's Turnabout Theater (TIME, May 24, 1948), and shuttles between nightclub engagements in Manhattan and Los Angeles. Charles has rearranged their living room into a studio where he trains the dedicated and largely unknown young actors of the Charles Laughton Players. When he goes to bed, he surrounds himself with books (from Proust to Plato) and samples them as a dowager might a box of chocolates. When a friend chided him for being self-consciously highbrow, Laughton replied simply: "You've got to remember that I was brought up in a country pub, that all my people were hotelkeepers, and that I'm just coming into the world of culture."

Laughton is diffident with strangers—impatient with fools, and warmly loyal to his friends. Agnes Moorehead describes him as "a big bear with a big, pink, plush heart." His passion for flowers is so great that he will walk miles to see the spring's first crocus. In the gardens of Chapel Hill, N.C., he was so moved by the budding of narcissi and daffodils that he cried. Laughton's personal untidiness upsets some of his friends, but one of them, Actor Arthur Macrae, thinks it more deliberate than careless: "After all, Charles is a funny

⊕ Etymologist Joseph Shipley concurs but also points to a close relationship between *amateur* and *ham*. *Amateur* stems from the Latin, *amare*, to love. The cockney version *h'umour*—was later blended with *Hamlet* (a play that is often "hammily" performed), to coin the actor's meaning of *ham*.

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looking sort of fellow, and he knows it. There's no sense trying to have an air of an 18th century courtier when you look like that." Laughton, even blunter about his appearance, says flatly: "I have a face like the behind of an elephant."

Tired but Happy. The readings have given a healthy push to Laughton's career. He is signed for at least four new movies (including one with Abbott & Costello), and this week begins a new radio series for the American Medical Association. He has enough reading projects to keep him busy for a decade. He intends to find time for another assault on Shakespeare: his great ambition is to do a really bang-up performance of *King Lear*, but he doesn't yet feel ready for the part. Tentatively scheduled for this fall is another reading tour based on James Thurber's *My Life and Hard Times*.

Laughton regards himself as over-worked, but very happy. And he is proud of the remark Elsa made when he got home after one of the grueling tours with *Don Juan*. "Charles," she said, "you look very tired—and 15 years younger!"

New Plays in Manhattan

Flight into Egypt (by George Tabori) is full of harsh subject matter that at times makes harrowing theater. But the subject matters infinitely less than it might, partly because Playwright Tabori never determines just what it is, partly because he never discovers quite where to stop. Writing of an Austrian refugee family bogged down in Cairo while trying to reach the U.S., he cannot separate foreground from background, or circumstance from fate.

Franz and Lili Engel, with their little son Bubi, fled Vienna after their shop was bombed, and Franz had spent months in Buchenwald. In a corrupt and decadent Cairo they live in desperate debt, with Franz confined to a wheelchair and Lili enduring insults and dishonor to make ends meet. A fellow Austrian urges them to go back to Vienna. But just then their U.S. visas come through—only for the consulate's doctor to find that Franz's condition, despite his heroic efforts to hide it, is hopeless. Only by swallowing poison can he set his wife and Bubi free.

In tense moments of writing, in individual scenes, *Flight into Egypt* becomes vivid and even terrifying. Elia Kazan's direction is forceful, and as the suffering husband & wife, Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber give fine, telling performances. But the play falls far short of significant drama. It clearly concerns not just the plight of refugees, but the question of their always being foreigners, and the corruption that menaces them in a foreign land. Yet even while it interlaces these three themes, the play at bottom rests on none of them: at bottom it is pure domestic drama—the anguished struggle of a wife to shield a proud, helpless husband and to support him and their child.

Just as he chokes his story with too many themes, Tabori ultimately deadens it with too much theater. His endless sharp incidents and episodes are a little like the



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wafers are
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IRON CURTAIN

bumps and blasts of air encountered in amusement-park Funlands; he breaks up into mere sensations what should build up into a sustained experience.

One Bright Day (by Sigmund Miller) is a briskly mediocre rehandling of a classical dilemma. The dilemma, most memorably set forth in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, is the one between integrity and self-interest when a source of revenue becomes a source of public danger. In the present case, what shall a drug manufacturer do when he learns that under certain circumstances his chief product is harmful and even fatal? After all, not just his own livelihood is at stake, but that of his associates, his employees, the town itself. Before Julian Prescott (well played by Howard Lindsay) comes to a decision, there is much airing of opinions and a fair amount of melodrama.

Were *One Bright Day* a novel, the exact word for it would be "readable." The audience is always interested in what will happen next, and apathetic to the whole thing next morning. Playwright Miller has carefully appraised his theme for what it is worth as theater. He has decided just how much humor may prove of use; has decided, less soundly, just how much romance; and has got his play a nice smooth production. He is more shrewd than gifted; and not the first playwright who, while dramatizing the cleavage between ethics and economics on the stage, has managed to combine them at the work table.

The Long Watch (by Harvey Haislip) would seem almost deliberately meant to bore were it not so glaringly designed to please. A wartime story about the WAVES, it is for half the way a prankish comedy, then abruptly swings over to melodrama. The melodrama turns on a WAVE who falls asleep while on duty. The first-night critics proved to be of sterner stuff.

New Musical in Manhattan

Three Wishes for Jamie (book by Charles O'Neal & Abe Burrows; music & lyrics by Ralph Blane) is an almost immoderately innocuous musical. It tries very hard to endow a mere formula with the magic of a fairy tale, and struggles, by being as tame as it is Irish, to promote an Eire of good feeling.

Jamie (John Raith) is a young Irishman who, when offered three wishes by the Queen of the Fairies, chooses travel, a lovely bride and a son who shall speak Gaelic. His first wish granted, Jamie gains his second (Anne Jeffreys) near Atlanta, Ga. But his bride turns out to be barren, and the third wish takes a lot of plot.

Despite its Irishness, *Three Wishes* is raspberry syrup without a drop of poeten. John Raith sings handsomely, but Ralph Blane's tunes seldom seem hummable without also seeming familiar. There are nice George Jenkins sets and Miles White costumes, and there is at least one thoroughly gay dance number. If wishes were horses, the show might go at a fast enough clip to be fun; as it is, it just ambles from one mild scene to another.



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RADIO & TV

First Things First

Jennie Lewis is a big (5 ft. 8½ in.), bosomy, blonde showgirl who changed her name to "Dagmar" and made quite a splash on TV last year in NBC's *Broadway Open House* (TIME, July 9). With her sensational looks, Dagmar didn't even have to try very hard: she merely sat on a high stool, breathed deeply, and occasionally malaproposed her way through a poem or a short play. Last week, looking bigger and blonder than ever, after months of "trying to find the right kind of format," Dagmar was back on TV with her



By Friedman—NBC

DAGMAR
A fundamental discovery.

own show, *Dagmar's Canteen* (Sun. 12:15 a.m., NBC).

Music and comedy acts spice the program, but Hostess Dagmar is still the whole show, and her talents are not quite up to filling the TV screen: she recites, sings (in a pleasant little voice), dances (inexpertly), and breathes deeply. She prefers to play the dumb blonde off the set as well as on, but Dagmar is shrewdly aware of fundamentals. Says she: "I used to think I had a 40-inch bust. Last week I discovered I'm a 42, and I thought we'd better tell the people about this right away."

The Middle Majority

"The daytime TV audience is now closely similar to the daytime radio audience—upper middle-class women find it dull, cheap, sordid; middle-majority women find it gives them enjoyment and a variety of experiences." With this beginning, Chicago's Social Research, Inc., has pub-



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The Boeing C-97—already the most versatile transport in service—has qualified for another job: the supplying of forward areas. Recent Air Force tests have proved that the big Boeing can handle such heavy forward-area equipment as 155-mm. howitzers, bulldozers, road rollers—even helicopters! Lighter equipment can be paratdropped to the same areas.

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These same tankers convert readily into transports that carry 130 combat soldiers. Another quick conversion and the giant Boeing becomes the best hospital ship in the air—unique for its speed, capacity and pressurized cabins.

Other advantages of the C-97's versatility: maintenance and crew training are simplified; and it pays its way in both directions. As a freighter, the C-97 flies cargo from the United States to Japan and to Europe, makes the return trip as a hospital ship or personnel carrier.

Boeing design made the C-97's the most versatile, most useful transports in service. Boeing production facilities turn them out in volume. This is the same design-and-manufacturing teamwork that produced great fleets of rugged B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-29 Superforts during the last war and, later, the B-50 and the six-jet B-47 Stratojet bomber.

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and is now starting production on the B-52 Stratofortress B-jet heavy bomber.

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lished another report on U.S. radio-TV habits. Thanks to America's "middle majority" housewife, says S.R., television is coming of age.

The m.m. woman watches daytime TV regularly, "in contrast to the upper middle-class wife who has clubs, community activities, visiting, etc." Since the m.m. woman generally feels a bit isolated and needs social stimulation, she watches a few selected programs which have "personality appeal" and "dramatic appeal." (Duty-bound to housework, she rarely allows herself the easy indulgence of seeing all daytime TV shows.) So long as she can imagine herself a participant, the m.m. woman is satisfied. She will even take time to knit booties for a soap-opera baby, write down quips for Arthur Godfrey, point out factual flaws in a recipe. Most often, she has three favorites:

THE KATE SMITH SHOW. "Womem still swear by her . . . Kate Smith is the kind of person who can appeal to the housewife alone in her home and cut off from the outside world."

THE BERT PARKS SHOW. "Housewives get relief . . . from Bert Parks. They like his singing, jokes, mugging, look upon him as an 'informal, natural kind of a guy.'"

CREATIVE COOKERY. A local Chicago program with Francois Pope (Pope School of Fancy Cookery). The m.m. watch avidly, "despite the facts that the dishes are not, by & large, ones they will prepare, and that the dishes are too expensive for them to try." The thrill is purely vicarious.

When the commercials come along, says Social Research, the m.m. housewife assumes an attitude of watchful waiting: "She doesn't want to miss anything that is really good; at the same time, she expects to be largely bored." What the m.m. woman wants is 1) sincerity, 2) originality, 3) attention-holding rhythm, life, color, 4) material that adds to her knowledge, skill or judgment. Concludes Social Research: "TV sponsors might do well to take a close look at their audiences . . ."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, March 28. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Alecsis*, with Flagstad, Sullivan, Schoeffler, Pernerstorfer.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:15 p.m., NBC). Beethoven's *Ninth*, with Nan Merriman, Jan Peerce. Conductor: Toscanini.

Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner (Sat. 10:30 p.m., all radio networks and CBS-TV). Speaker: President Truman.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, Pianist Oscar Levant.

TELEVISION

RCA Victor Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Ezio Pinza singing the death scene from *Boris Godunov*.

Colenese Theatre (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*, with Paul Kelly, Ann Dvorak.

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ART



LUDWIG BELEMELMANS
The most fun is selling the pictures.

Roy Stevens

People Watcher

"Being present at your own exhibit," Ludwig Bemelmans protested, "is like being called out of ranks during an Army physical inspection. It's embarrassing." Despite such protestations, Author-Artist Bemelmans had the time of his life in Houston last week. The Art League put on a special showing of 31 of his paintings, and hundreds of proper Houstonians turned out to see them.

As the visitors swarmed through the gallery, Bemelmans swarmed too. He chattered merrily, all but poured the punch. "Painting is fun," he told everyone. "But of course the most fun is selling the pictures." Houstonians took the hint. By the time Bemelmans pulled out of town in a new cowboy hat, at least seven of the canvases had been spoken for. One oilman's wife had offered him shares in a wildcat well (yet to be drilled) in exchange for a painting. "I'll swap oil for oil," bubbled Bemelmans.

All Play. To Austrian-born Ludwig Bemelmans, 53, all this was still a novelty, for until about a year ago, he had painted mostly to illustrate his writings. Then he came to the conclusion that he really hated to write ("I walk around a typewriter for hours with a cramp in my stomach"). Painting was different. "This is all play, you know. And I am now in a position where I can afford to play."

As Bemelmans tells it, his present state of ease is a great surprise to him. The grandson of a Bavarian brewer, he showed early signs of being the family flop. He never managed to get through school, failed miserably as an apprentice in his Uncle Hans's string of Tyrolean hotels. Finally, in desperation, his family sent him to the U.S., and there he started failing all over again.

He lost his first job as a bus boy at Manhattan's Hotel Astor because he broke too many dishes. The McAlpin fired him for reporting to duty in one white shoe and one yellow one. The Ritz suspended him for dropping an ambassador's breakfast tray. Only after he had served in the U.S. Army in World War I (he was an attendant at a Government insane asylum), did he begin to work steadily—first in the banquet department at the Ritz, and later as a writer and illustrator of such bestsellers as *Hotel Splendide* and *Life Class*.

All Gay. Today, Bemelmans has the look of a happy, well-fed burgomaster. "I paint when I feel like it," he says. "I think pleasantly about a picture for a week sometimes, and then do it on the afternoon of the seventh day." He uses anything for a palette—a table, a folded newspaper or a plate. He mixes oil and water colors according to whim. "The purpose of art," says he, "is to console and amuse—myself, and I hope, others."

Houston's verdict was that Bemelmans' art lives up to the Bemelmans purpose. The paintings in the show were done mostly in France and Italy—a world of squiggle churches, toyland villages and sunlit harbors, all as gay as a crazy quilt. But Bemelmans' own favorites are his paintings of people in restaurants. "A restaurant," says he, "is a refuge. I sit there floating with a bottle of wine and silently observe. Instead of a bird watcher, I am a people watcher."

Little Dripper

Even by Eastern prep-school standards, Deerfield Academy in Deerfield, Mass., tends to be conservative; its informal art classes tend to be the same. But one day last month, Freshman Renny Drew, 14, decided to try something different. The

art teacher had told the boys to go right ahead and paint whatever they wished. Renny's inspiration led him to develop this technique:

First he pulls the cardboard out of a shirt that has just come back from the laundry. Then he smears it over with a neutral color. After that he holds a brush above it and lets some house paint drip. Finally, he sprinkles the whole affair with gold or silver powder. The result: a series of Jackson Pollock-like abstractions, about as modern as modern can be. Renny's matter-of-fact name for them: "drip paintings."

Renny's classmates seemed to like his work, started buying up his cardboards for 25¢ apiece. But, more important, his teacher liked them too ("nice design . . . balanced lines . . ."), and decided to take some of them to Boston. There Gallery-Owner Margaret Brown saw them and was enthralled—"terrific spatial feeling . . . great sensitivity . . ." She put them on display along with her exhibit of Calder mobiles. "It takes an artist with some feeling," said she, "to do 20 of these and sustain his values." Some of her advanced-guard customers agreed. By last week, she had sold six original Drews for \$2 to \$4 each, and customers were clamoring for more.

Was Renny Drew, then, really a future Jackson Pollock? His results were certainly somewhat similar (*see cut*), and so was his technique. But last week Renny himself pointed the moral to his story: "Anybody can do it."

Halifax Gentleman

In the Nova Scotia Museum of Fine Arts in Halifax, an impressive array of notables assembled one day last week for a special ceremony: the presentation of two 17th century landscapes attributed to the Italian artist Salvator Rosa. What brought out the notables was not so much



RENNY DREW
The spatial feeling was terrific.

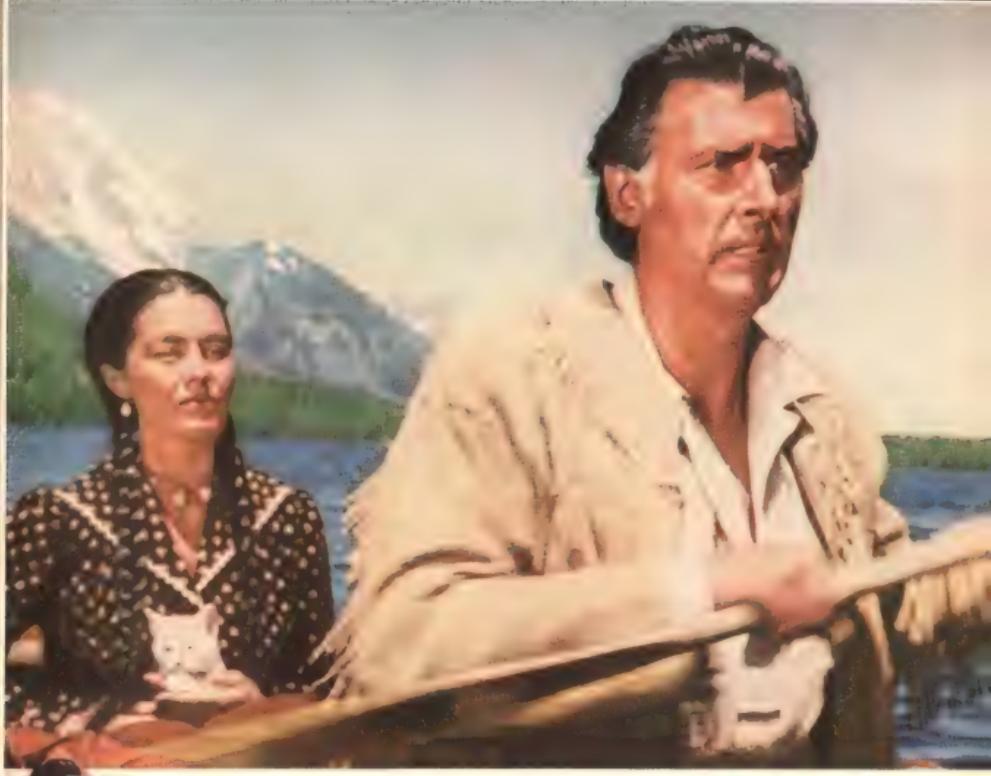


PUBLIC FAVORITES (10)

This Renoir portrait of a child, *Mlle. Romaine Lacaux*, is the most popular painting at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Another child by Renoir, *A Girl with a Watering Can* (TIME, Aug. 6), is the favorite at Washington's National Gallery. As these pictures show, Renoir caught the radiance of children as well as he did the bloom of broad-beamed peasant beauties and the sparkling freshness of sunny bouquets.

Like most great artists, Auguste Renoir took vast joy in his

work, and equally vast pains with it. An art teacher once accused him of regarding painting as "fun." Renoir pleaded guilty: "If painting were not fun for me I should certainly not do it." But years later, when he was turning away from Impressionism, he wrote to a friend: "I am still suffering from experimenting. I am still not content and I am scraping off, still scraping off . . . I am still at the blotting stage—and I am forty!" Humility made Renoir painstaking, and thus created pure enjoyment for others.



*In taking the Indian girl (Cyd Charisse) back to her people, Jules Vincent (Stewart Granger) kills a man in self-defense and flees the law. His pursuit by Constable Pedley (Wendell Corey) is the thrilling story of *The Wild North*, currently released MGM picture in full color, first to be filmed in the new Ansco color negative-positive process.*

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the Rosas as their roundabout arrival.

The story of the Rosas goes back to a day in the War of 1812, when the good ship *Marquis de Somernes*, flying the American flag, was bowling westward over the Atlantic and ran into trouble in the form of a British man-o'-war. The *Somernes* and her cargo, including crates of Italian art for Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, were hauled off to Halifax as prizes of war.

The little academy was stunned by the news. In desperation, its directors decided to petition Halifax to send the paintings back. "Knowing," said the directors, "that even war does not leave science and art unprotected, and that Britons have often considered themselves at peace with them . . ." In Halifax, Vice-Admiralty



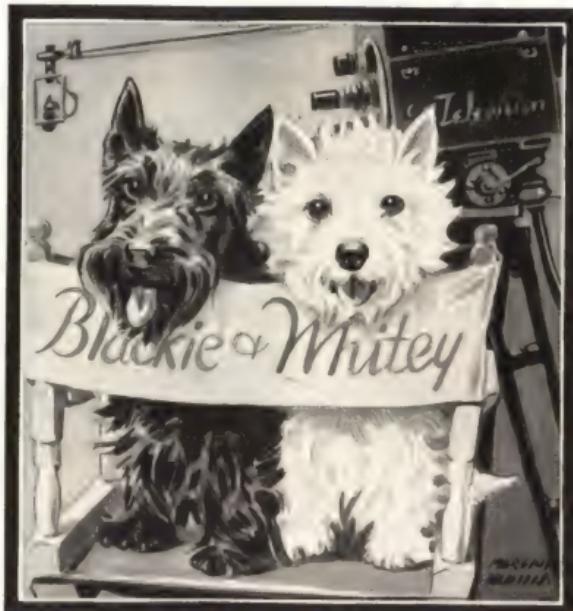
GUNNAR

SALVATOR ROSA (SELF-PORTRAIT)
After a periwigged bow, a return salute.

Justice Sir Alexander Croke made Philadelphia a gentlemanly, periwigged bow. "Heaven forbid," he said, "that such an application to the generosity of Great Britain should ever be ineffectual." After a learned recital of the laws of war, Sir Alexander concluded with a full flourish: "With real sensations of pleasure . . . I decree the restitution of the property . . ." Halifax sent the paintings to Philadelphia by truce ship.

In time, Sir Alexander's decision became a precedent in international law. But the academy itself gradually forgot its own part in it. It was not until 1948, when the arts and monuments officer of the State Department tried to track down the text of the academy petition, that the whole incident came to mind again. The academy decided that it was time to make a gesture of its own.

By last November negotiations were completed, and last week the story came to an end. Most of the paintings in the 1812 shipment seemed to have been lost in the bad academy fire of 1845, but the academy still had three Rosas which, it believed, had been part of that shipment. It turned two of the three over to Halifax "with real sensations of pleasure."



Starred Again!



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AFTER SCENE, WHITEY!"



— "THAT'S RIGHT, BLACKIE!
YOU'LL FIND BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY WHENEVER
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WITH QUALITY AND CHARACTER
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"BLACK & WHITE"

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SPORT

Poles Apart

The double-faced clocks, which inexorably mark the time limits for tournament chess players, ticked off the carefully allotted seconds at Havana's Capablanca Chess Club. It was the final of a 23-day round-robin tournament involving 23 chess masters from eight countries.* The frowning concentration of the chess grand masters had barely been ruffled by the Cuban revolution. On the final day of play last week, first place was narrowed down to two Polish-born players: Samuel Reshevsky, 40, five-time U.S. champion, who toured his adopted land as a nine-year-old prodigy, and Argentina's Miguel Najdorf, 42, a mathematics professor who is one of the few men ever to beat Russian World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik. In personality, the two Poles were poles apart.

Truculent. Blunt, taciturn Chess Master Reshevsky had outraged his Cuban hosts by his point-blank refusal to join the other players in a Friday visit to the tomb of Cuban World Champion José Capablanca. Reshevsky later explained that he could not make the trip on Friday, since his Jewish religion forbids public travel after sundown. But he also demanded that the player's day off should be Friday, not Sunday. Furthermore, Reshevsky refused, up to the final day, to agree to leave the winner's trophy in Cuba. Originally donated by Argentina, the cup had been renamed in memory of Cuban Player Juan Quesada, a contest who died of a heart attack while the tournament was in progress. Reshevsky's truculent explanation for wanting the trophy: "Because the cup was donated by Perón for the winner, not for Cubans."

Jolly. In contrast to Reshevsky's concentrated grumpiness, Argentina's jolly Najdorf acted like an earnest student of Dale Carnegie. On the tense final day, most of the other players were discreetly

* Argentina, Cuba, France, Mexico, The Netherlands, Spain, the U.S., Yugoslavia.



Associated Press

SAMUEL RESHEVSKY
He watched a double-faced clock.

rooting for Najdorf. Reshevsky made short work of his final opponent, Manhattan's Dr. Edward Lasker, whipping him in 38 implacable moves when Lasker overstepped his allowable time limit of 40 moves in 2½ hours. Interest promptly centered on the match between Cuba's Rogelio Ortega and Najdorf, who moved into a technical position known to chessplayers as a Sicilian defense. After six feverish hours and 60 moves, Najdorf finally gained an attacking advantage, turned it into a game-ending checkmate, and tied for top honors with Reshevsky.

Differences were happily settled as the two players split the \$4,000 first- and second-place jackpot. The matter of which man is the better player will be settled when the two get together next month in an 18-game tour in New York, Mexico City and San Salvador.

Everest Is There

To an Alpinist, mountain climbing is the most dangerous and exhilarating sport in the world. To a climber of the towering Himalayas, it is chiefly dangerous. Above the Alpine altitudes, the rarefied atmosphere brings on an overwhelming lassitude and an indifference to danger. Such a fate may well have overcome Britain's George Leigh-Mallory and Andrew C. Irvine, when the swirling mountain mists cut them off from view in 1924 as they struggled up the last 1,000 feet of towering, forbidding Mt. Everest.* Why do men tackle a forbidding mountain? Mallory had his own understated explanation: "Because it's there."

Because Everest was still there last week, and because six British onslaughts on the mountain have ended in death or defeat, a party of Swiss Alpinists took off from Geneva for the long flight to India. Their plan: to conquer Everest from a new, untried approach.

Silent Spires. The traditional route to Everest is through the arid, treeless plains of Communist-controlled Tibet. The old route leads to the north face of the mountain, where, also in 1924, Britain's T. H. Somervell and Lieut. Colonel E. F. Norton were a mere 900 ft. from the top, the highest point man has reached—and returned alive.

The new route, through Nepal, leads to the southwest face. It was thoroughly reconnoitered by a British party last summer. Led by veteran Himalayan Eric Shipton, the Britons climbed to a 20,000-ft. buttress on nearby Pumori for a glimpse of a new route. They found they could see right over the treacherous ice fall to the head of the Western Cwm,† about 21,500

* Named for Sir George Everest (1790-1866), surveyor general of India. Original trigonometric surveys (1851) placed the height at 29,002 ft., a figure still widely accepted. Later computations (1905), still not accurate because of atmospheric refraction complications, place the height at 29,141 ft.

† Pronounced koom, meaning a circular bowl carved by glacial erosion; a Welsh word for valley.



TWO APPROACHES TO EVEREST
After death and defeat, a semi-secret weapon.

Time diagram-photos by Wide World, London Times



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ft. below the South Col* (*see diagram*). To Shipton it looked as if there was a direct route up to the 25,000-ft. mark on Lhotse, followed by a traverse to the South Col. In a later climb up the silent, towering spires of the ice fall, Shipton's party was thwarted near the top of the ice fall by an avalanche, followed by ominous rumblings and shiftings of the ice.

Sloping Strata. Though the new route appears more hazardous in many ways than the old, it has certain advantages. The climbers will not have to cope with the full force of the prevailing northwesterly gales; the rock strata dip down from south to north, making the south side more suitable for camp sites, and eliminating overhangs; and most important, the climber's morale, which ebbs dramatically at the 27,000-ft. level, will be aided by the full force of the sun's rays, which are quickly blanketed on the north face.

The canny Swiss, advised by Avalanche Expert Andre Roch, plan to take advantage of this previous British reconnaissance. They will also attack the problem with a new, semi-secret weapon: an ingenious "third lung," designed at Zurich and perfected by Swiss watchmakers. Contrary to widespread opinion, there is nothing unsporting about using oxygen, though some British mountaineers might consider it "going soft." Heretofore, it has simply been considered impractical or impossible to haul the added burden. The new lightweight (22 lbs.) Swiss lung, complete with plastic mouthpiece, is worked by the climber's own breath, which releases the precious oxygen.

The actual Swiss assault on Everest is expected to come in May. Avalanche Expert Roch, echoing the aspirations of mountaineers the world over, hopes to climb Everest for other reasons than Mallory's simple "because it's there." Alpinist Roch is also imaginatively challenged by other inaccessible Himalaya buttresses and spires. Says Roch: "The great attraction of the Himalayas lies not only in reaching a summit, but also in the simple contemplation of the wild flanks which probably never can be climbed."

Who Won

¶ St. John's University basketball team, in the upset of the year, over Kentucky, 64-57; at Raleigh, N.C. The victory put underdog St. John's in this week's N.C.A.A.-championship semifinals. Other regional winners: Big Ten Champion Illinois over Duquesne, 74-68; Big Seven Champion Kansas over St. Louis, 74-55; Santa Clara over Skyline Champion Wyoming, 56-53.

¶ Mrs. Andrea ("Andy") Mead Lawrence, double skiing medalist in the Winter Olympics, the U.S. downhill, slalom, and combined titles; at Stowe, Vt.

¶ Lieut. Warren Druetaler, N.C.A.A. mile champion, a special Olympic benefit race; in Manhattan. Druetaler's time, upsetting FBI-Man Fred Wilt: 4:08.2, fastest of the year.

* Pronounced *call*, a mountain pass between peaks; from the Latin *collum*, neck.



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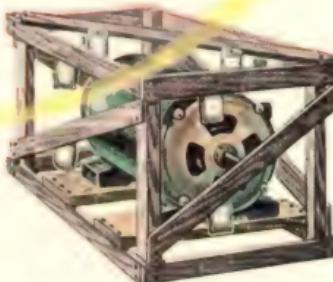
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RELIGION

Uncommon Language

Is the language of the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer* as mystic as it is memorable? A good many Englishmen seem to think so, to judge by the hot salvos of mail they have been dropping on the old (1549) masterpiece in the pages of London's *Daily Telegraph*. Squadron Leader P.J.D. Wood of the R.A.F. touched off the controversy after the death of George VI. While intoning the commemorative service for the late sovereign, wrote Commander Wood to the *Telegraph*, he had snatched a quick look round at the faces of his airmen, and found them a perfect blank. Wood's conclusion: "Only a student of theology can understand the true meaning of many of our common prayers."¹

Supporters of Wood promptly chimed in with chapter and verse. Wrote one: "An able seaman in one of His Majesty's ships was heard grumbling after the captain had ticked off the ship's company for slackness: 'I don't know 'ow anyone expects anything to go right in this blinkin' ship when the padre prays every day—'prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings.'"

"It is in vain that one protests that 'prevent us in all our doings' might become 'precede us,'" complained Vicar J.B. Phillips. "The argument seems to be that, if people want to join in the church's worship, then they must learn the church's language. This . . . does nothing to bridge the gap between church and people."

Conservatives fired back a few crisp volleys of their own. Wrote one: "It would be very interesting indeed to know how the Rev. J. B. Phillips would suggest that Shakespeare should be 'translated' for the poor moderns who cannot possibly understand his archaic English." Said another: "Our translations of the Bible and our Prayer Book are written in our own language at its best period. What is all the bother about?"

At week's end both sides were resting on their pens. Whether or not the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer* should be revised, all could agree that it was some time since it had been. Even the oldest commentator couldn't quite remember when. And for a good reason—it was 1662.

Down-East Mission

When a friend told her that she was cut out for the ministry, Methodist Margaret Henrichsen, 42, and newly widowed, laughed at the idea. But the thought took root. In a matter of weeks, Mrs. Henrichsen was submitting sample sermons to the district superintendent near her home in Melrose, Mass., and she was plugging away on a correspondence course for ordination. Then, eight years ago, she was

¹ Excerpt: "We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this, our sovereign King, George VI, out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Thee that it may please Thee of Thy gracious goodness shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to baste Thy kingdom."



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offered a rural parish covering four townships around North Sullivan, Me., ten miles from Bar Harbor. Within a few days, she sold her home, sank the money in a '38 Oldsmobile and headed north. She has been there ever since. Last week, in the spring issue of the interdenominational quarterly, *Religion in Life*, she gave a warm, engaging account of what her Down-East mission has been like.

Preacher Henrichsen found her Maine parsonage saggy and rundown. The roof was a sieve, every door was warped, and the front hall had to be shoveled when it snowed. Huddled in her winter coat, Mrs. Henrichsen studied with her feet in the



JOSEPH COBB
PREACHER HENRICHSEN & PARISHIONERS

The skeptics come back for more.

oven, and kept a wary eye peeled for field mice scurrying up the open drain of the old iron sink.

Applied Christianity. At first, her parishioners were highly skeptical of a woman preacher. Snorted one woman: "I'll go just once to see what she is like—but that's all." But she and others kept coming back for more. Preacher Henrichsen spread her work from two pastorless churches to seven. Applied Christianity on weekdays turned the trick more than Sunday sermons.

When a town was low on schoolteachers, Mrs. Henrichsen pitched in as a substitute. She not only comforted the dying, but once gave the undertaker a hand when a coffin had to be upended through a narrow doorway and a body hoisted through a window on a stretcher. She has driven a patient to the hospital, been mired in back-country roads, listened while unmarried mothers sobbed out their problems on her shoulder, and heard a girl say, "I'm glad we have a woman pastor—I couldn't have done that if you had been a man."

Oblige Compliment. On a typical Sunday, she drives 88 miles to meet her timetable: ("Sorrento, 10 a.m.; Ashville, 11:15 a.m.; overhill to Franklin, arriving at

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home of 'Aunt Minnie and Uncle John' Hardison for dinner at 12:35; leave at 12:55 for 1 p.m. service at Franklin church; 2:30 p.m., Gouldshoro; leave for home at 3:30 p.m., put wood on fire, play with pup, have nap, supper, make North Sullivan service at 5:45 p.m.; finish up with Prospect Harbor service, 7:15 p.m." At each church, she preaches the same sermon "but with variations."

The variations depend a little on the "feel" of the individual communities. One is a summer colony where most civic decisions depend on "what the summer people think"; another is a fishing village where life is only as good as the last herring catch; still another, a thriving granite center 25 years ago, is now an apathetic ghost town. Mrs. Henrichsen's chief satisfaction is that a clannish, clannish people have opened their hearts to her. She prizes most one oblique Maine compliment: "I don't care for you," said a woman on whom she was calling—and Preacher Henrichsen's heart sank. "No," the woman said, "I don't care for you no more than's if you was my sister."

13 Million to One

At the weekly drawing of the French National Lottery one day last month, the winning ticket was No. 301,207. To the holder of that stub went 13,000,000 tax-free francs (\$37,143). The lucky man was a Roman Catholic priest, Sylvain Grandmougin, 52, Abbé of Attignéville.

No one could have been less surprised. Not a gambling man ordinarily, the abbé had bought his ticket with worthy motives and under good omens. Between routine parish rounds, he had driven up to Nancy in his rundown Dodge to take in a military festival. An intelligence major in World War II, Old Soldier Grandmougin felt patriotic, recalled that the proceeds of the lottery go to aid disabled French veterans. He also felt lucky; in a dream a few nights before, his car had started to go over a cliff, then righted itself in the nick of time. Having heard the "voice of faith and confidence," the abbé plunked down 2,000 francs (\$5.70) and struck it rich.

That kind of good news travels fast. Soon a swarm of handout seekers buzzed around him, ten visitors a day from outlying districts, "a thousand letters a day from people all over France, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium." The abbé lit out for Paris, partly to escape, partly to pick up his fat check and two second-hand Citroëns for 1,500,000 francs.

Back home again, the abbé has since spent nearly a third of the money, some 4,000,000 francs, repairing and replastering the three churches of his parishes, decking out the one at Attignéville with new stained-glass windows. Further plans: a youth center for his parishioners and a dressmaking workshop.

The abbé even has a project for parlaying his winnings. Having received countless letters asking him the secret of his luck, he intends, he says, to tell all in a brochure which he will gladly mail, postpaid, to anyone—"on receipt of 200 francs, French money."

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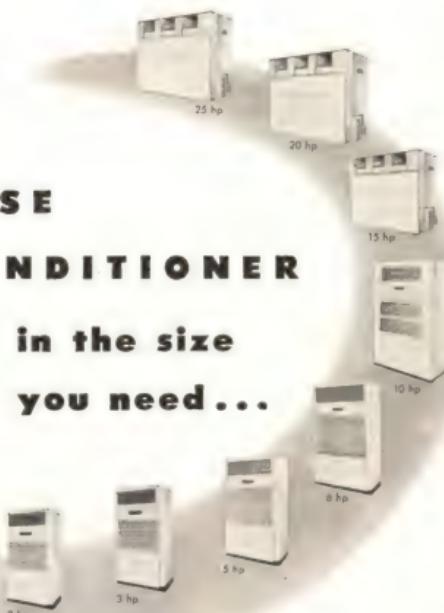
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GOVERNMENT

A Pot of Gold

Out to 30,000 banks, trust companies and brokers this week went a special SEC report on a hunt for "a pot of gold." In the pot, said SEC Chairman Donald Cook, is about \$35 million. It is made up of stock in 200 corporations now being reorganized. Unless the stock is turned in on new stock, said SEC, holders will lose their investment.

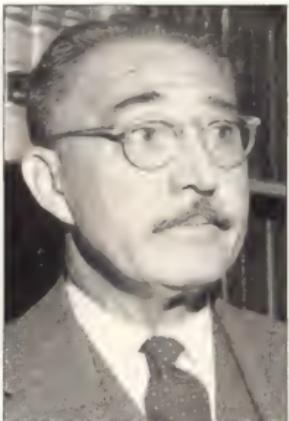
Many stockholders, said Cook, do not know that old stock in reorganized companies must be turned in. Since the unorganized companies have often been in long receivership, their address lists of stockholders are usually out of date. To find the stockholders, SEC has prodded companies into hiring tracer agencies.

A prime case of "missing stockholders" was in the reorganization of the Associated Gas & Electric Co. and subsidiaries into General Public Utilities Corp. (TIME, April 29, 1946). At the end of the five-year deadline for turning in old stock, \$7,000,000 was still outstanding. Notices were mailed again to stockholders, the public was peppered with announcements. But stockholders were highly suspicious of Associated's pleas for stock; they had been tricked several times before by financial shenanigans of company officials. When the stock continued to dribble in, SEC wrote directly to Associated security hold-

ers: "If you have not turned them in, because you thought that this exchange was just another of the unfair schemes used by the pre-bankruptcy management, [SEC assures] . . . you that this is not the case." The letter worked. All but 1% of the original stock is in, saving Associated stockholders nearly \$5,000,000.

Retreat

In his chambers high in Manhattan's federal courthouse one morning last week, Judge Harold R. Medina paused for a minute before donning his robes and descending to a courtroom seven floors below. "Holy cats!" he said. "This is the damnedest case I've ever seen." The "damnedest case" is the Government's suit against 17 investment banking firms, charged with monopolizing the sale of



JUDGE MEDINA
Lost in the dark.

\$42.5 billion in security issues from 1935 to 1949 (TIME, Dec. 11, 1950 *et seq.*).

Since the trial started under Judge Medina (and without a jury) 16 months ago, 1,200 exhibits have been introduced, more than 5,000,000 words of testimony put on the record. So far, the case has cost the defendants—and U.S. taxpayers—millions of dollars. The issues at stake are huge: if the Government wins, there will be what one expert called a "revolution" in the U.S. money market. Since the firms on trial handle the bulk of all negotiated underwritten security issues, a decision against them would permit the Government to lay down rules to change virtually all investment-banking procedures. Last week such possibilities seemed remote; it was plain that the Government's case had been shot full of holes.

Almost since the trial's start, Judge Medina has had a hard time finding out



United Press

WITNESS STUART
Starred in a new turn.

exactly what the trustbusters' case is. Red-faced and quizzical, he has upbraided the Justice Department's lawyers time & again for "shilly-shallying," "going backwards," confusing the issues and wasting the court's time. Alternately benign and snappish with both sides, he has described his job, which keeps him working twelve hours a day even on weekends, as "heart-breaking." Once, when a defense lawyer referred to some testimony introduced on "March 17," Medina wearily asked: "Which year?"

The Government has been forced to drop seven of its original points, along with one defendant—the Investment Bankers Association. The core of the Government's case remains a "triple concept": 1) certain bankers traditionally underwrite negotiated securities for certain corporations, 2) these "traditional bankers" divide a constant proportion of any subsequent deals with the people who were in on the first one, and 3) junior members of these banking groups, when they get a deal to handle themselves, repay the big boys by asking them to join. By this "syndicate system," said the Government, all the defendants had conspired to restrain and monopolize trade.

As evidence of conspiracy, the U.S. first presented a list of 328 security issues dating back to 1935. The list showed that at least one of the defendants had participated in each issue named. In reply, the defendants spent \$1,000,000 compiling a list of their own. The Government had left off its list hundreds of issues which none of the defendants had had anything to do with—and admitted it.

"Parallel Action." The Government sought to prove that the "conspiracy" was achieved by "parallel action" among the



Walter Kramer

Shot full of holes.



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Symbol of the right kind of washroom

defendants, i.e., that their "spreads" (Wall Streetese for markups) went up or down at the same time in the same way. The Government could show such parallel fluctuations only part of the time—and the spreads of securities floated by many non-defendants fluctuated the same way.

The Government then got down to a key part of its case: to prove that the syndicate system bound the bankers in a conspiracy. The U.S. Supreme Court has uniformly ruled that a conspiracy is less likely to exist if the trade practice under attack has been evolved to fill a functional economic need. As proof that the syndicate method was a deliberate conspiracy rather than just a gradual development, the Government said that it had been invented by the defendants in 1915. Last week came the Government's big chance to prove this vital point.

"In the Dark." On the stand for the third week as a Government witness was Harold L. Stuart, 70, head of Chicago's huge Halsey, Stuart investment banking house and a longtime friend of Cyrus Eaton, Fair-Dealing financier blamed by many Wall Streeters for stirring the Government into action in the first place. Stuart was there as an expert, and Medina was glad to see him. He welcomed him as "a real live witness who can tell me about this investment-banking business . . . instead of staying in the dark, as I stayed for over a year."

But Stuart, instead of being a star Government witness, proved just the opposite. The defendants, said he, had not created the syndicate method of floating bonds in 1915. On the contrary, his own firm had used it for at least a dozen years before that. Assistant Attorney General Victor H. Kramer was dismayed; he withdrew the Government statement that the defendants had created the syndicate system.

Then Kramer tried to weasel his way out of the hole. If he could not prove conspiracy on dozens of securities issues, Kramer hoped Judge Medina would decide against the bankers if the U.S. could show that the "defendants . . . have engaged in price-fixing for a single, particular security issue."

About-Face. It was a complete about-face, and heavy-set, rasping Defense Attorney Arthur H. Dean did not let Kramer get away with it. Dean quoted chapter & verse from a Government statement of 14 months ago: "There will be no amendment to change our course of action . . ." The Government had said flatly that the case would stand or fall on the overall conspiracy charge. Medina seemed amazed at the new turn of events. "This is the first time," said he, ". . . that the Government [has indicated] that if it lost completely on . . . the overall conspiracy charged, they would still be entitled to a decree on an issue not charged . . . It is a pretty slippery position." Medina forthwith adjourned the trial for a week, to let Kramer make up his mind whether he wanted to amend the complaint.

No matter what he did, the Government case, in the words of the defense, had clearly been "knocked a blow in the head."

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Central Studios

MISS GERMANY AT INTERNATIONAL STYLE SHOW
Out of a Russian labor camp.

FASHION

Germany's First

In Atlantic City last week, 18 countries from all over the world showed their latest women's fashions at the Second International Fashion Review. Biggest news at the show was the first postwar collection of German clothes to reach the U.S. They were the product of Germany's leading designer, Hans Gehringer.

To show them off, Gehringer picked Susanne Erichsen, Miss Germany of 1950, who stepped right out of Russian labor camps into the world of high fashion. When the Red army marched into Berlin in 1945, she was shipped off to a camp in the Ural Mountains, did everything from mine coal to carry bricks on a Russian construction project. Designer Gehringer's clothes were as good-looking as his model. Samples: a trim, black & white silk print afternoon dress with a detachable overskirt that can be removed and worn as a shoulder cape; a white organza evening gown with a taffeta underskirt, hand-embroidered and studded with rhinestones (see cut). Although the clothes were brought in duty-free and for exhibit purposes only, it looked as if the Germans would have little trouble selling their designs in the U.S.

BANKING

Joining the Enemy

Railroader Robert R. Young, who likes to inveigh against the "goddam bankers," this week became one himself. Through three of his corporations, Young bought a controlling interest in the Marine Midland Corp., whose 14 banks and 113 branches, spread all over New York State, serve more than 500,000 depositors. He has been buying up stock for the past 18 months and last week owned 508,100 shares of common worth about \$5,600,-

000, or 9 1/2% of the bank's total common stock, and 11,220 shares of preferred (current price: about \$56). Young says he intends to make no changes in the bank; plans to play the rare role—for him—a silent partner. Says he: "We bought the stock as an investment. It is cheap any way you look at it. The banks are well regulated and well run."

SMALL BUSINESS

Zoomerang!

On a plane trip four years ago, a seatmate told John Burton Tigrett about a new toy. It was simply a roll of paper on a stick. With a flick of the wrist the paper coil would shoot five feet into the air and snap back into position. Tigrett, an easy-going Southerner who had long made a hobby of buying up patents, tracked down the inventor, bought his patent for \$100 plus royalties, and started producing the gadget in a small Chicago shop. Since then, 38-year-old John Tigrett has sold 15 million "Zoomerangs," and built a \$2,000,000 annual toy business. This week fast-growing Toyman Tigrett put his 1952 models on sale. Among his new gadgets: a "Jet Zoom" pistol (98¢) and bow & arrow Zoomerangs (59¢).

Tigrett got into the toy business in a roundabout way. He quit the University of Tennessee after his freshman year, borrowed \$150 and started an investment company in the depths of the Depression. By 1942, when he went into the Navy, he was making nearly \$25,000 a year, and spending his extra cash buying up patents on everything from hair straighteners to paint-can handles. One of them was a bird that would sit on the edge of a water glass, dip its beak in & out for hours on end. At war's end Tigrett licensed a manufacturer to make it, cleaned up \$100,000 on his "Club-Club."

Once he started to make money on the

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Zoomerangs, Tigrett felt as if he had hold of a boomerang. Taxes threatened to take more than half his profits. But he soon thought up a real taxeroo. He now forms a new company to handle each new toy he brings out (e.g., rocker toys, toy typewriters, the Charles Eames TOY), thus keeps his overall gross in the lowest corporate income-tax brackets. In addition to the Chicago parent, Tigrett Enterprises, Inc., he now runs seven toy companies.

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HOUSING

Over the Peak?

When the Government drastically cut civilian materials early this year, few businessmen took a gloomier view of the future than house builders. Some estimated that the industry would be lucky to put up 600,000 houses in 1952 v. 1,000,000 in 1951. But as NFA eased materials, the estimates rose. Last week, as the first day of spring officially "opened" the construction season, builders got a pleasant surprise. Housing starts were at the rate of 950,000 a year; materials were so plentiful that builders will be able to put up all the houses they can sell. The big question now is: How many can they sell? Said Real Estate Economist Roy Wenzlick, a top expert in the field: "I think the real-estate boom is starting to get tired."

Empty Rooms. There were plenty of signs last week that in a tired boom, 950,000 houses might be too many for the market. With 6,000,000 new houses built since the war, the emergency demand, at least, seemed largely met. As in any free market, the high-priced units were the first to feel the change.

All over the nation, high-rent apartments that would have been snapped up a year ago were standing empty. People were no longer willing to pay almost any price for a place to live, especially since many of the new buildings were Jerry-built or poorly designed, with windowless kitchens, green wood floors, etc.

In San Francisco, Metropolitan Life's 43-building Parkmerced apartment project hoped to fill 1,683 apartments at \$15 a month and up. By last week, only 37 units were rented of the first 153 finished. In Los Angeles, one luxury apartment owner had to build a swimming pool before he could lure any tenants. Here & there across the nation, some landlords were beginning to offer rent concessions, e.g., move in now, start paying rent in May. Even in overcrowded Manhattan, new building owners were having trouble renting high-priced units (\$240 and up for five rooms). On Staten Island last month, a 416-unit garden-apartment project built with Federal Housing Administration help was foreclosed by FHA because only 70% of the apartments were rented.

Empty Houses. With the pressure easing on apartments, the demand for new houses was also less; relatively few people felt they had to build in order to get a place to live. In Atlanta, dozens of new houses were on the market for weeks without a nibble; one Boston builder, now putting up 14 houses, reported that for

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Facts from the 1951 Annual Report of LION OIL COMPANY

In 1951 Lion Oil Company's sales and operating revenues were the highest in the history of the Company. These total revenues were \$86,466,609 as compared with \$81,960,327 for the previous year. Net earnings after deducting all costs and taxes were lower than in 1950, however, due primarily to (1) greater expenses incurred in an intensified exploration for oil and gas, (2) higher wages and increased material costs and (3) larger provisions for taxes on income. Net income after all charges was \$11,751,026 as against \$13,988,245 for the preceding year.

Cash dividends, at the rate of \$2 per share, aggregating \$4,856,700 were paid during the year. This represents 41% of the Company's net earnings.

In October the Company sold 350,000 additional shares of common stock for a net cash consideration of \$14,152,020. This amount was added to the working capital of the Company to replace funds expended for capital additions and to provide for future expansion.

Capital expenditures during 1951 amounted to \$16,299,000 of which \$10,808,000 was for the development of additional underground reserves of crude oil and natural gas. Lion had a share in the drilling of 221 wells of which 160 were completed as oil wells and 7 as gas wells. Company net interest in these successful completions was 148 oil wells and 3 gas wells.

Expansion plans include the construction of a \$5,000,000 enlargement of refining facilities. The operating units to be added, which will be completed in 1953, will permit a 50% increase in gasoline yields and reduced output of less profitable items such as fuel and burner oils. The intense search for and development of crude oil and natural gas reserves will be continued.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY

	1951	1950
Net Working Capital—Dec. 31	\$25,517,316	\$14,654,736
Current Ratio	3.66	2.22
Net Properties (Fixed Assets)	\$67,436,908	\$58,582,040
Total Net Worth—Dec. 31	\$72,018,688	\$50,972,353
Shares of Common Stock Outstanding Dec. 31	2,690,861	2,340,833
Number of Stockholders	11,791	7,439
Total Dividends Paid	\$ 4,856,700	\$ 4,389,056

OPERATING SUMMARY

Number of Producing Wells (net)	795	680
Gross Crude Oil Production—Barrels	8,011,422	7,854,224
Crude Oil Run to Still—Barrels	8,271,310	7,756,709
Total Refined Oil Sales—Gallons	377,262,270	347,554,939
Elemental Nitrogen (N) Production—Tons	155,379	161,963
Number of Employees—Dec. 31	2,497	2,363
Annual Payroll	\$10,968,405	\$ 9,909,428

CONDENSED EARNINGS STATEMENT

For Years Ended December 31	1951	1950		
Amount	Per Share*	Amount	Per Share**	
Sales and Operating Revenues	\$86,466,609	\$32.13	\$81,960,327	\$35.01
Operating Charges, Interest, Etc. (Net)	67,525,583	25.09	61,011,682	26.06
Net Income Before Provision for Taxes on Income	18,941,026	7.04	20,948,645	8.95
Estimated Federal and State Taxes on Income	7,190,000	2.67	6,960,400	2.97
Net Income	\$11,751,026	\$ 4.37	\$ 13,988,245	\$ 5.98

* Based on 2,690,861 shares outstanding at end of 1951
** Based on 2,340,833 shares outstanding at end of 1950



For 1951 Annual Report, write Public Relations Department, Lion Oil Company, El Dorado, Arkansas

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LEARN FROM CHEFS...



Joseph Vallegant, Chef-Steward of the Sheraton Belvedere Hotel, Baltimore, says "Even my favorite dishes, ones I didn't think could be improved, are more exciting with Ac'cent. Ac'cent seems to give them that extra touch of flavor that makes customers rave about them."

LOOK TO FOOD PROCESSORS...



The man who processes and packs food really knows what a difference Ac'cent makes! "We know from repeat sales that Ac'cent gives our foods a real flavor-edge over competition," says Mr. Carl Larsen, President of Painsfore Canned Chicken. Ac'cent, as Mr. Larsen has discovered, guards natural flavors all the way to the table!

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AMINO PRODUCTS Division of International Minerals & Chemical Corp., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

the first time since the war half of his units under construction were unsold.

Just as in the apartment market, the high-priced new houses were the first to feel the slack. As a result, builders were switching from \$25,000 and \$30,000 houses to units in the \$10,000 to \$12,000 range. They were easier to move, but even in that bracket the buying tempo had slowed.

"Regulation Ax." With the easing rental market, apartment building has slowed to a crawl. Building costs have risen 70% in the past five years, and contractors are not willing now to risk the heavy outlay required and then find no tenants at the rents they would have to charge. House builders have another problem. They blame the slackened demand on Regulation X (they call it "Regulation Ax"), which requires down payments of 4% to 50%, and on a shortage of mortgage money. It began to tighten up when Government bonds were unpegged a year ago, and interest rates started rising.

Marriages & Mortgages. Despite all this, most home builders think the potential demand far from satisfied. They think that if credit restrictions are relaxed, as they hope they may be soon, buyers will swarm back into the market. They are also hopeful that mortgage money will become plentiful again—and it looks as if it will. One reason: savings accounts are rising abnormally, and since interest rates paid on them are also going up, banks will have to put the money to work.

Nevertheless, the fact is that the frenzied building of the past six years has just about eliminated the war-caused backlog, and new demand based on population growth is slowing down. Last year the marriage rate was 30% below 1946. It is expected to keep dropping for another five years at least—and house building with it—until World War II's crop of babies grows up and starts getting married.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

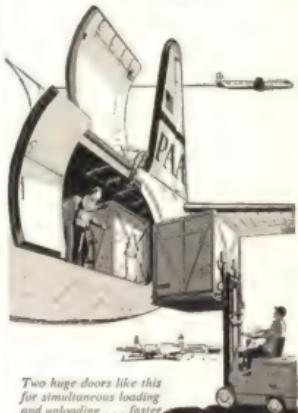
Fragrant Jewelry. Scented synthetic pearls are being marketed in Sandefjord, Norway by Chemist Joseph Short and Businessman Olav Edlund. The pearls, which are made from herring scales, are infused with perfume, and the scent lasts three years. Probable retail price in U.S. for a string: \$1.

Ticket Printers. The New Haven railroad put into service in Manhattan's Grand Central Station two new automatic ticket-printing machines. Made by the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., the printers can turn out 650 different tickets to 160 destinations. The printers save the railroad the cost of stocking big inventories of tickets and in a matter of minutes total up ticket sales, a job now done tediously by hand.

Scratch Catcher. General Motors Corp. showed off an electric instrument which can detect scratches as small as one millionth of an inch. The "Surfagage" can be used in machine shops and factories to record the surface roughness of an auto-

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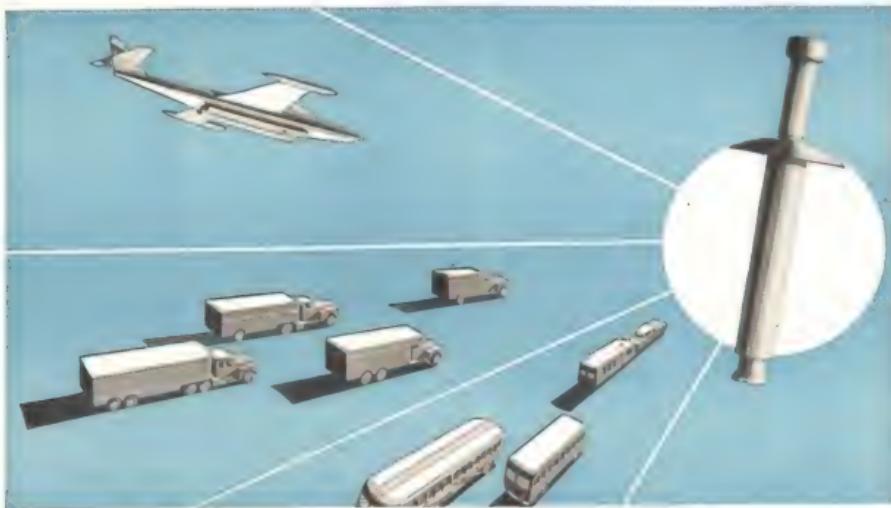
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TIME, MARCH 31, 1952



How Cherry Rivets Bring Aircraft Construction to Trucks and Buses

There may not be much resemblance between a lumbering trailer truck and a sleek night fighter but many have a lot in common. When Cherry Blind Rivets are applied from one side of the work, by one man, without bucking up. Their use has become standard in many aviation plants.

Long ago, the aviation industry came to realize it could speed plane production with big savings in unit costs by the use of these ingenious rivets which are applied from one side of the work, by one man, without bucking up. Their use has become standard in many aviation plants.

Now, the use of Cherry Rivets has spread to other industries. They make possible reduced assembly time and lower costs in construction of trucks, trailers, and busses, for example. This is true for several reasons.

Truck and trailer body builders find that plywood liners stay in place despite severe vibration when fastened permanently with these special blind rivets. In house trailers and insulated trucks, the use of Cherry *hollow* blind rivets provides breather holes in

the double surface of the walls. This reduces condensation and increases vehicle life. In bus construction, metal surfaces are applied with ease in many hard-to-reach places because Cherry Rivets are installed by a pulling action, no bucking—no twisting—no exploding—no hammering is necessary.

These examples of how Cherry Rivets improve vehicle construction are typical of how many products are improved and assembly procedures speeded through use of Townsend fasteners and small parts.

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UNENDING STRUGGLE FOR STEEL ***



SOUTH AFRICAN ORE-HUNT: Plane, being gassed from ox-cart in South Africa, is part of world-wide prospecting job being done by American steel companies. Plane hunts ore with Magnetometer (shown at right).



ORE SEARCHER adjusts Magnetometer before take-off to look for new deposits. Ore fields cause bobble of electronic pen on map when plane flies over.



CHECKING FLIGHT photos in search of Canadian bush country, as part of aerial search for iron ore.



SLAG PILE RE-VISITED: Alloying materials are scarce and hard to find. One source of manganese is the old slag piles of steel mills. Above: technicians tap an experimental furnace in recovery tests for alloys.

EXPANSION CAUSES WORLDWIDE SEARCH FOR RAW MATERIALS

By mid 1953, steel companies expect to have an annual capacity of 120 million tons. That means the 250 companies of the industry could provide enough steel to meet peak re-armament needs with less than 2 months production. What's more, the remaining 10 months at this production rate would yield more steel than the U. S. has ever before used for civilian production in a full year.

To build this capacity, each steel company had to lay its own money on the line, and steel mills don't come cheap. (In mills built today, investments as high as \$90,000 are required for each man employed.) Each company had to take a chance on how it will sell its bigger production when the emergency is over. In addition to new mills, the companies had to provide for greatly increased needs for iron ore and other production and transportation necessities. The story of how the earth is being combed for ore; how ships, railroads and airlines are being built to provide the nation's need for iron ore, is told in a reprint from STEELWAYS Magazine called "The Flying Prospectors...and their Partners." Factual, descriptive. Excellent for schools and study groups. Sent free. Write to American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



TRANSPORTATION is a story in itself. 120 million tons of steel will create a need to move about 480 million tons of ore, scrap, fuel, other materials. At left workman installs blade in guillotine used for launching new ore carrier. Right: 10 blades dropped simultaneously launching the new ore boat in less than 10 seconds.



GOING UP: Last vehicle in the transportation chain to a blast furnace is the "skip-hoist" car. Lime-stone is being loaded here.

motive piston, crankshaft, gear tooth or any other part with a machined, ground, honed or lapped surface.

Backyard Plunge. A plastic swimming pool that retails at \$275 (without such essentials as drains, pumps, etc.) was put on the market last week by the Bakelite Co. The homeowner digs a 13-by-27-ft. hole - to 5 ft. deep and fits in the plastic



PLASTIC POOL
First, dig a hole . . .

liner, which holds more than 10,000 gallons of water. An inflatable bumper (\$75 extra), fastened to the top of the liner, prevents water from splashing out of the pool. The pool can be emptied by either a pipe outlet system or a sump pump.

UTILITIES

Victory for Private Power

When President Howard Aller of American Power & Light Co. recently decided to sell one of American's subsidiaries, the Washington Water Power Co., to three Public Utility Districts, he thought the deal was all settled (TIME, Jan. 14). But he reckoned without American Power's directors. A majority of them protested the sale after stockholders opposed it before the SEC. The directors took the position that the Washington Water Power stock, which American Power must get rid of under the Public Utilities Holding Company Act, should not be sold to the P.U.D.s, but distributed to American Power's stockholders. Aller was reportedly told by American Power officials that they intended to distribute the stock, "if we have to remove you to do it."

Faced with this ultimatum, Aller gave in last week. Announced the board of directors: the sale of Washington Water Power to the P.U.D.s is off. Instead, the stock will be distributed to American Power stockholders, and Washington Water Power will remain in private hands. The reversal was a signal victory for Washington Water Power's President Kinsey Robinson, who had opposed the sale right along. And it was the first big victory in years that private power has won in the Northwest.

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the world's
mildest drink



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CINEMA

The Winners

For 23 years, Hollywood's annual Oscars have seldom surprised industry "insiders." But last week's Academy Awards were neither cut nor dried. Oscars went to two actors who had scoffed at Oscars. The academy (1,742 members of the movie industry) acclaimed:

¶ Best Actress Vivien Leigh, for her playing of a faded nymphomaniac in Warner's *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

¶ Best Actor Humphrey Bogart (who once snarled that Oscars are "hot air"), for his portrayal of a gin-soaked riverboat skipper in *The African Queen* (Horizon; United Artists).

¶ Special Award Winner Gene Kelly (who last November complained that academy "snobism" would bar musical from the laurels), for his acting-dancing "contribution" to the Technicolor musical *An American in Paris* (M-G-M).

If Kelly needed further soothing, his musical got eight other top awards, for best picture, best story and screenplay, best musical score (in a musical), best sets, best (color) art direction, best (color) costume design, best color photography. Its Producer Arthur Freed won the prized Thalberg Award for merit.

Among the other Oscar winners:

¶ Best supporting actress and actor: Kim Hunter and Karl Malden for their roles in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

¶ Best direction: George Stevens, for *A Place in the Sun* (Paramount).

¶ Best foreign-language film: Japan's *Rashomon* (Daiei; RKO Radio).

¶ Best cartoon: Fred Quimby's *Two Mousketeers* (M-G-M).

¶ Best documentary feature: Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki* (RKO Radio).

The New Pictures

Deadline—U.S.A. (20th Century-Fox) casts Humphrey Bogart as the crusading managing editor of a big-city daily whose actions are worthy of the most intrepid Hollywood hero. Bogart 1) tangles with an underworld vice car, 2) roughs up a witness in a murder case involving the mink-clad body of the standard beautiful blonde, 3) wins a reprieve for his foundering, 47-year-old newspaper, the *Day*,* 4) wins back his divorced wife (Kim Hunter), 5) calls his publisher's old widow (Ethel Barrymore) "Baby."

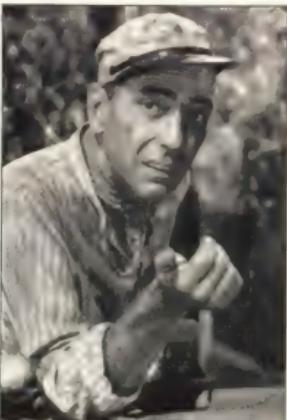
Deadline avoids such clichés of movie journalism as the whisky-soaked reporter who shouts "Stop the presses!" It even presents some vigorously authentic city-room atmosphere. But, for a picture that aims to be a factual exposition of the free American press, it indulges in too much cinematic sensationalism, emerges as little more than a second-rate film about the fourth estate.

* Director Richard Brooks's screenplay is based on the original story, *The Night the World Folded*, inspired by the death of the New York *World* in 1931.



VIVIEN LEIGH & KARL MALDEN
A streetcar to distinction.

The Belle of New York (M-G-M) lets Fred Astaire dance on just about everything from a horsecar to thin air. In fact, the picture itself is mostly thin air. It is a Technicolor trifle in which Astaire, a turn-of-the-century playboy, falls head over dancing heels in love with Vera-Ellen, a mission worker who also dances. Revivalist Vera-Ellen saves Sinner Astaire, but not all their fast stepping can quite save a plodding picture. This pretty period piece is punctuated with a few chuckles provided by Marjorie Main as a Park Avenue dowager and Keenan Wynn as Astaire's comic sidekick.



HUMPHREY BOGART
A riverboat to fame.



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Jour de Fête (Fred Orain; Mayer-Kingsley) transplants some Mack Sennett pratfalls to the French provinces. The center of this slapstick is François (Jacques Tati), a sad-faced, gangling, rural postman who looks like a cross between General Charles de Gaulle and oldtime silent Comic Charles Chase. On the annual fair day (*jour de fête*), François sees a movie about high-speed American postal methods and develops a mania for movement.

Instead of dawdling at bistros and helping with the haying, François takes on a little wine and goes "all American." Neither snow, nor rain, nor the vicissitudes thrown in his path by the scenarists stay him from his jet-propelled rounds. Astride his ramshackle bike, leather case flying in the breeze, he whizzes past bicycle road racers and delivers mail down wells, on



POSTMAN TATI

Neither snow, nor wasps, nor pigs . . .

farmers' pitchforks and in threshing machines—when he is not tangling with wasps, pigs and flagpoles. The wine finally wears off, the fair departs and village and postman go back to a more tranquil tempo. "News," says one of the inhabitants of sleepy Sainte-Sévere-sur-Indre philosophically, "is so bad nowadays we certainly can wait a few extra minutes for the letters."

This tenuous little spoof-on-a-bicycle is no weightier than a postcard, and its contents are no more momentous. But in the sprightly pantomiming of Actor Tati (who also directed and co-authored the screenplay), the picture occasionally seems to be arriving by special delivery.

The Young and the Damned (Oscar Dancigers; Mayer-Kingsley) are a gang of savage slum children running wild on the outskirts of Mexico City, where they

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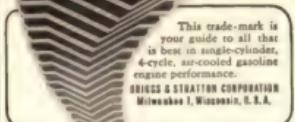
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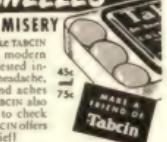


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ALL DRUG STORES in the BRIGHT RED package

steal, beat up a blind beggar, attack a legless man and commit murder. Filmed in Mexico as *Los Olvidados* (The Forgotten Ones), the picture was directed by Spain's one-time surrealist Moviemaker Luis Buñuel and photographed by Mexico's famed Cinematographer Gabriel Figueroa. *The Young and the Damned* is in the raw, realistic tradition of such classic juvenile-delinquency movies as the Russian *Road to Life*, the American *Wild Boys of the Road* and the Italian *Shoe Shine*. In some respects it is the most powerful and ruthless of the lot.

With a keen camera, Director Buñuel examines the piles of rubble, squalid hovels and garbage heaps where people scrounge for food like animals. The acting, by a cast that is largely amateur, is as nakedly authentic as the settings, particularly in the performance of Roberto Cobos as Jaibo, the frighteningly cruel leader of the gang, and Miguel Inclan as the old blind beggar who intones a litany of hate for the boys. "One less, one less," as Jaibo is shot down by the police.

The movie does not offer any solution to the problem it poses beyond leaving it to "the progressive forces of our time." Says Director Buñuel: "There is nothing imagined in this film. It is all merely true." But, in its unrelieved gloom and its total sociological despair, *The Young and the Damned* sometimes seems as one-dimensional and as far short of the truth as a lurid propaganda poster. Typical sequence: the body of a murdered boy being carted on muleback to public garbage dump while his mother unknowingly passes by.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. A powerful Japanese film about an ancient crime of passion, told with barbaric force (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A spy drama, semi-documentary in flavor, set against the spiritual and physical chaos of Germany on the eve of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. A witty, warmhearted fantasy about the brotherhood of man, inventively directed by Italy's Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Michael Redgrave as an unheroic English schoolteacher who turns hero in Terence Rattigan's Mr. Chips-in-reverse drama (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective squad room still swirls with melodrama under William Wyler's direction (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. A sprightly British spoof with Alec Guinness stealing the show as a prim bank employee who absconds with \$1,000,000 (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. Imaginative musical in Technicolor, with songs by George Gershwin, dances by Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).



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BOOKS

Defeat Through Victory

THE STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE (766 pp.)—
Chester Wilmot—Harper (\$5).

No one can be more irritating than a Monday-morning quarterback—particularly when he may be right. Australian-born Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe* will probably set more U.S. teeth on edge than any book yet written about World War II. As a political and military history, Dunkirk to V-E day, it could easily be labeled anti-American. Yet it deserves a fair hearing and not just as a matter of courtesy. Wilmot, a BBC war

hindsight opinion. He seems to have made more thorough use of captured German documents than any other writer on the war; and the list of officers, Allied and enemy, with whom he has talked, reads like a Who's Who of the war in Western Europe.

Because Wilmot knows that Germany's General Model was guarding the Ruhr in September 1944 with scraps of beaten units and only enough tanks (239) for one armored division (the Allies could have mustered twelve divisions), he is confident that Monty would have broken through had Ike turned him loose. The German generals are on Wilmot's side of the argument. Says Major General Blumennritt,



International

MONTGOMERY CROSSING THE SEINE (1944)
The German generals were on his side.

correspondent who went in with the British airborne troops on D-day, has written a better and more readable account of the fighting in Europe than any of the generals or their ghosts, British or U.S.

Author Wilmot is a historian with not one unpalatable thesis, but two:

1) U.S. generalship, particularly that of Eisenhower and Bradley, was generally unimaginative and costly, and prolonged the war by insisting on a broad front in Europe. Montgomery could have won the war with one massive strike for the Ruhr after the Normandy breakout.

2) Franklin Roosevelt and General Marshall fought the war without regard for postwar realities, left the way open for Russia in central Europe and the Balkans, naively trusted Stalin at Yalta and helped throw away the peace with just about every major decision they took.

German Documents. Neither thesis is new, but Author Wilmot has fortified his arguments with something more than

Model's chief of staff: "Such a breakthrough . . . would have torn the weak German front to pieces and ended the war in the winter of 1944."

Stalin's Architects. What Bradley and Patton did in Normandy and after, says Wilmot, was made possible by Montgomery's canny generalship around Caen that enabled the Americans to break out. Only occasionally is Monty chided for caution; in the end his virtues completely swamp his faults. Bradley gets sterner treatment. Heavy U.S. casualties during the Normandy landings, says Wilmot, were largely the result of Bradley's refusal to use British-invented armored weapons and machines that helped cut British losses to a minimum. Bradley declined to use the British "Crabs" (flailing tanks that could smash a path through minefields), "Crocodiles" (flamethrowing tanks) and "AVREs" (armored vehicles used in demolishing fortifications). Says Wilmot: "It took 3,000 casualties on Omaha [Beach]

to persuade the Americans that gallantry is not enough."

Wilmot pays handsome tributes to Eisenhower's genius as an Allied coordinator, but in his opinion, Ike frittered away his strength, failed to control Bradley and Patton when they were wrong, and above all lost the chance to win the war in 1944.

Writing of Yalta with the perspective of the past half-dozen years, Wilmot tries hard to be fair to Roosevelt, but is distressed by F.D.R.'s naive belief that "Uncle Joe" would keep his promises. Shrewdly, he points out that the meeting took place after Hitler had shaken up the Allies in the Ardennes and when the Russian armies had the Germans on the run in the East. Through Yalta, Unconditional Surrender, and the green light to Stalin in Central Europe, thinks Wilmot, the West gave Stalin what it had denied to Hitler. *The Struggle for Europe* will convince a lot of readers that Hitler's blunders contributed as much as Allied generalship did to the winning of the war; it is almost equally persuasive in its argument that the Allied leaders were the unwitting architects of Stalin's postwar world.

Hornblower in the Indies

LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER (306 pp.)—
C. S. Forester—Little, Brown (\$3.50).

Foul was the night, and black the situation. Four hundred desperate Spaniards, crammed captive in the hold, had rushed in dead of night upon their guards, seized bayonets, and sliced their way through British flesh to mastery of the H.M.S. *Renown*. The dawn lit a scarlet scene: human rubble on the decks, the scuppers running with gore, the Spaniards in command. Brave Lieut. Bush, bleeding from nine wounds, lay hidden after the melee behind a cannon's hulk. "What would England say?" he asked himself bitterly. "What would the navy say?" Ah God, if only Hornblower had been there!

And suddenly, with a grinding crash as two ships came together, "there was Hornblower, hatless, swinging his leg over and leaping down to the deck, sword in hand, the others leaping with him on either side." The charge was sweeping the deck; Bush tried to spring forward to join it but his legs would not move. Soon, hands were lifting his head. "'Bush! Bush!' That was Hornblower's voice, pleading and tender. 'Bush, please, speak to me.'

It would appear from C. S. Forester's volumes on the subject that there were not many days in the early 19th century that Horatio Hornblower did not save. Doubtless he could have saved more, except that good manners ordained he should leave a little something for Admiral Nelson to do. However, Author Forester has long since carried his hero over the crests of his adventurous life, and in recent installments has been filling in the troughs.

Lieutenant Hornblower covers the period between *Mr. Midshipman Hornblower* (1950) and the high tides of action in *Captain Horatio Hornblower* (1939). It takes the young officer on a raiding expe-

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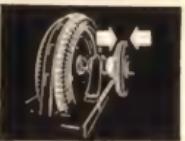
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dition to the West Indies. A few days out, the captain goes mad, and has to be straitjacketed in quarters. Off Santo Domingo, the *Renown* runs aground as a Spanish fortress pounds her with red-hot cannonballs, but the "uncontrollable virour" of young Hornblower saves the day. At his suggestion, a broadside fired at the fort jars the ship loose from the sucking sands; a night attack reduces the fort itself, and a brilliant flanking movement captures the enemy fleet.

Yet at last, it would seem, Author Forester has run out of things for Hornblower to do. By page 210 the hero is putting in shore time and doing it rather badly. For one thing, as all his fans will remember, Hornblower has an unarmored spot over his heart. "The man who fired the broadside that shook the *Renown* off the mud when under the fire of red-hot shot was helpless when confronted by a couple of women." The heroic bounder shinks out on an affair of the heart with his landlady's daughter, and while the lass tearfully presses his uniform, spends the last 50 pages of the book at his club, playing whist.

The Men Who Wore the Blue

THE LIFE OF BILLY YANK (454 pp.)—Bell Irvin Wiley—Bobbs-Merrill (\$6).

In November of 1861, Charles Barker of Massachusetts reported for physical. The doctor "felt his carbuckles" and asked: "You have pretty good health, don't you?" Volunteer Barker said yes, and he was in the Union army.

Destiny may have been more casual in those days, but she was just as determined to give a simple soldier an awful tough time. In *The Life of Billy Yank*, a brother volume to *The Life of Johnny Reb* (1943), Historian Bell Irvin Wiley recites the hard facts of daily life in the Union armies—or rather, he lets "Billy Yank" do his own talking, through the letters and other scraps of identity he left lying in his prodigious trail.

Ornery Sons. The thing on the top of Billy's mind was what lay on the bottom of his stomach. "Boys," said a sergeant to his men one day, "I was eating a piece of hardtack this morning, and I bit on something soft: what do you think it was?" A private suggested: "A worm?" "No, by God," said the sergeant, "it was a ten-penny nail." One soldier summed up: "It goes pertty greasy sometimes." One statistic tells the whole story: more Union soldiers died from diarrhea and dysentery (57,265) than were killed in battle (44,738).

The military training didn't bother Billy too much ("Drill, drill, a little more drill. Then drill, and lastly drill. Between drills we drill . . ."), and the discipline was generally not too severe. In battle, Billy proved his salt. He did not have the dash and gallantry of Author Wiley's Johnny Reb, but sometimes he could pull up his coat collar and walk into a hail of bullets "the same as I would go through a storm of hail and wind." He did not go looking for trouble. "The difference be-

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U.S. production is topping all previous peaks. But, as defense-buying tapers off this year, you and your firm and all industry will be caught short unless you turn your attention (personally and corporately) to the major problem of how to sell more—and more effectively. For these reasons the editors of FORTUNE are devoting a major part of the text in their next ten issues to a series of searching articles on "Selling in Today's Economy."

You have probably read a great deal on the subject, much by men who call themselves "experts" in this quasi-science, all written from some point-of-view in the remote or recent past.

However, this FORTUNE series has little if anything in common with other things on selling you have read. The editors of FORTUNE are not specialists in selling—not do they pretend to be. They are not writing a "how to do it" series (in the ordinary sense of the phrase). What they are doing (for the first time on this scale in their twenty years of publishing) is to apply to the great lore-laden subject of selling their peculiar and special talents as first-rank business journalists with unique experience in their trade.

Addressed to the general executive reader as much as to the salesman, the series goes far beyond the usual "how-to" services, to position selling as an economic force...to investigate the mysteries of "saleability" from design to final transaction...to question the standard sales budgets and the effectiveness of all kinds of advertising.

In the exact sense of the word, the Selling articles will be reporting-in-depth. And in a very personal sense, the addition of such thinking to your own mental assets can be an extraordinarily profitable

and exciting process. The first report appears in FORTUNE's April issue. It will be called "Why Do People Buy?" and sets the stage for what will follow—articles which will probe and expose such areas as:

- ★ Is the social taboo against salesmen growing?
- ★ Can retailers be turned into merchants?
- ★ The secrets of the Ivy League of Selling (capital goods)
- ★ How to keep a salesman.....happy
- ★ How much is the science of merchandising replacing the art of selling?
- ★ Is "Market" research really research?
- ★ Are small companies outbidding big ones for top salesmen?
- ★ How effective is advertising?

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The Horseshoe House *of Far-Away Island*

ACCORDING to an Indian myth, a mighty giant who used Cape Cod for his bed flung his moccasins into the sea because they were full of sand. The one nearest the mainland became Martha's Vineyard and the other Nantucket which in the Indian tongue meant the Far-Away Island.

The first white settlement on Nantucket was formed by a group who bought the island in 1659. Their leader was Tristram Coffin of Salisbury, Massachusetts, whose family became one of the most prominent on the island.

For a time the island was torn by a feud between Tristram Coffin and John Gardner, but the breach was healed by the marriage of Tristram's grandson Jethro Coffin and John Gardner's daughter Mary. As a wedding present, Mary's father gave land and Jethro's gave lumber for a home.

Built in 1686, this house is now Nantucket's oldest and gets its name from the odd-looking chimney ornament, believed by some to be meant for a horseshoe.

One night in Jethro's absence a drunken Indian who had hidden in the attic fell through the loose board floor to a closet beneath. The crash awakened Mary who saw him emerge from the closet and squat on the hearth where he began sharpening his knife. In terror, she seized her baby and fled in search of help. The Indian was in close pursuit but he plunged headlong down a flight of stairs to the hall below where Mary's rescuers found him lying in a stupor. As Nantucket Indians never made trouble except when under the influence of liquor he was released.

In the possession of the Coffin family for many years, the Horseshoe House is now owned by the Nantucket Historical Association.



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tween dyeing today and tomorrow is not much," wrote one boy, "but we all prefer tomorrow." "We went out a Skouting yesterday," one boy told his father. "We got To one House where there was Five Secessionest And they broke and Run and Arch hoisted out to Shoot the ornery Sons of Bitches [and we] all let go . . . at them . . . They may say what they please but godamnit pa It Is Fun."

Oil of Gladness. Off hours, Billy Yank had no U.S.O. He was left to get drunk on any "oil of gladness" he could find, and take what "Horizontal Refreshment" was offered by the droves of easy women who followed his armies. Eighty-two cases of venereal disease were reported annually for every 1,000 soldiers. (In World War II, the average rate for the U.S. Army was 35 cases to 1,000.) For such troubles, as for wounds, Billy was left to the dreadful mercies of a medical system that "op-



Library of Congress

"DEAR FOLKS"
He preferred dying tomorrow.

erated in old blood-stained and often stained coats, [that] knew nothing about antisepsics and therefore used none."

All things considered, says Historian Wiley, "the similarities of Billy Yank and Johnny Reb far outweighed their differences . . . [and their] performance in battle, by the admission of professionals sent from Europe to observe [them], compared favorably with that of soldiers anywhere."

Brooklyn Heights, 1906

THE SON OF ADAM WYNGATE (440 pp.)—Mary O'Hara—McKay \$3.75.

The Rev. Bartholomew Wyngate stood in the pulpit, outwardly poised, looking at the comfortable, wealthy members of his Brooklyn Heights congregation. They loved and admired him as a good preacher and model citizen. They had no more idea than Pastor Wyngate in that year, 1906, how many of the old Victorian certainties

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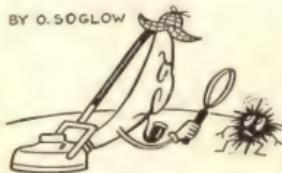
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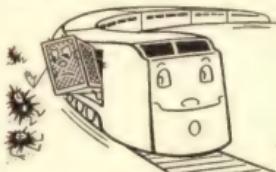
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AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



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were crumbling. As he intoned his text, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," they settled back for a sermon that would be solid but undisturbing.

The Son of Adam Wyngate is the story of Pastor Wyngate's collapse, and a social novel of changing moral skies in turn-of-the-century America. For Mary O'Hara, author of such western idylls as *My Friend Flicka* and *Thunderhead*, it represents an ambitious departure; but she writes of a time and place she knows, since Novelist O'Hara grew up on Brooklyn Heights.

Actually, Pastor Wyngate was nervous as he began his sermon. In the rear of the church sat his older brother Ramsey, and Ramsey was everything that Bart was not: good-looking, self-confident and a bully at heart. Ramsey had turned the head of Bart's wife, Louise, before they were married. What would happen, Bart wondered, now that his brother had turned up again?

Anyone but Pastor Bart could have guessed. And Novelist O'Hara fills his bitter cup to overflowing. Bart came to learn that his wife had not only been unfaithful to him with brother Ramsey, but with a long list of casual characters as well. Bart Wyngate had a nervous breakdown.

The novel ends with a rejuvenated Bart, still strong in faith but humbled by his troubles and aware of human complexities and frailties he had never understood before. He goes back to Louise, ready to start life over again—though how her nymphomania is to be checked is never made quite clear.

Novelist O'Hara has seized on a solid theme, but has not written a novel fully worthy of it. *The Son of Adam Wyngate* is a meandering, overstuffed family saga, all too full of the human tedium which the skilled novelist suggests without reporting in grim detail. Clumsily written and badly in need of saving irony, *The Son of Adam Wyngate* reads more like an unedited transcript of family disaster than a dramatic portrait of it.

READY & READABLE

LOOK DOWN IN MERCY, by Walter Baxter. A strong, tough-trained first novel about the collapse of a British army captain in Burma (TIME, March 17).

THE GOSHAWK, by T. H. White. What one man discovered about hawks, and himself, when he set out to learn the medieval art of hawking (TIME, March 10).

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE WHEELER. An absorbing record of life in the British army during the Napoleonic wars, as told by a sharp-eyed Somerset infantryman (TIME, March 3).

ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS, by A. J. Cronin. Autobiographical tales by a physician who became a bestselling novelist (TIME, Feb. 25).

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT, by Louis Kronenberger. A deftly witty farce about the richest man in the world and his complications as a collector (TIME, Feb. 25).

MY COUSIN RACHEL, by Daphne du Maurier. An expert mixture of suspense and romantic hokum, set in the *Rebecca* country 100 or more years ago (TIME, Feb. 11).



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MISCELLANY

Clubman. In Santa Monica, Calif., actress Judith Barrett, suing for divorce, charged that millionaire husband Lindsay Howard, a member of the "Vikings Club," always fought a losing battle to uphold the club motto: "A Viking can always drink one more."

A Matter of Course. In Newark, the court ruled out the plea for alimony in Mrs. Anna Herkaler's separation suit after it learned that the original quarrel began when she served her husband a bowl of soup made from his pet pigeons.

Within the Law. In Paris, after a fruitless three-month search of France's underworld crannies, police found Bad-Check-Artist Claude Pavie holed up in his girl friend's apartment in the police headquarters building.

Wrong Line. In Philadelphia, arrested for stealing a streetcar and operating it while drunk, Kendrick Jackson explained sadly: "I asked a man for directions and he told me to take a trolley."

Reasonable Prediction. In Manchester, Iowa, the Rev. David Davids of the Community Congregational Church issued a bulletin announcing a future service: "There will be group singing. A large attendance is anticipated."

Inside Track. In Concord, Mass., residents passed a law at town meeting imposing a \$20 fine on all "Peeping Toms" except policemen on active duty.

Call from a Stranger. In Montgomery, Ala., James Still was fined \$1 and court costs for annoying people by dialing telephone numbers at random "in order to become acquainted."

Audience Participation. In Englewood, Colo., a customer went into the Spencer Sporting Goods Store, asked Manager E. E. Tyson to show him a pistol, examined it, loaded it with his own bullets, aimed and murmured: "This is a pickup."

Loaded. In Pittsburgh, when police searched Juile Oberman, who had chosen a ten-day sentence instead of a \$5 fine for drunkenness, they found 34 lbs. of silver coins in his pockets.

Character Actor. In Cleveland, Mrs. Mazie Henry sued for divorce, charged that her husband claimed to be an ordained minister, but after the honeymoon turned out to be "a numbers player, poker player, heavy drinker and woman chaser."

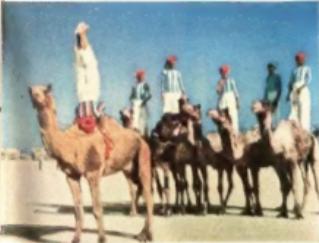
Any Other Name. In Calgary, Alta., George and Rosie Big Belly asked the Provincial Secretary what could be done for them under the provisions of "The Change of Name Act."

I SAW

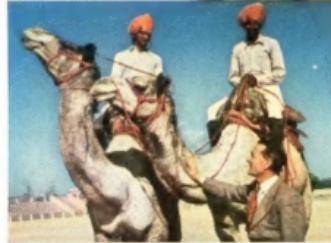
Ships of the Desert

TAKE TO THE AIR

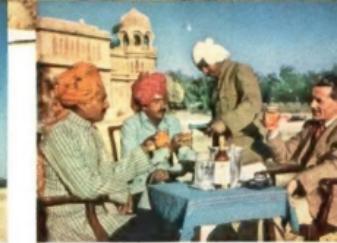
1 "When he shifts into high, a camel can make the dust fly. My camera went a mile a minute to catch these ungainly dromedaries taking hurdles," writes a friend of Canadian Club visiting India. "An intimate of the Maharajah had invited me to see the Bikaner Camel Corps perform. I'd expected formal pomp, but I gaped when the camels soared over jumps . . .



2 "Camelback gymnastics may not help the corpsmen on their desert patrols, but they prove the men masters of their mounts. Riding a camel is no cinch—the regular way—but these acrobats stand up for the take-off!"



3 "Careful, Sahib!" one corpsman warned when I approached his haughty hump-back. I jumped back just in time. Then I learned that the camels of the Indian Desert, while trained to regimental precision, can't be trusted to be polite. And a camel's bite is no nip.



4 "Surprised?" asked my host back at the Maharajah's palace. "By the camels—yes," I said, "but not by this." For in our glasses was Canadian Club!

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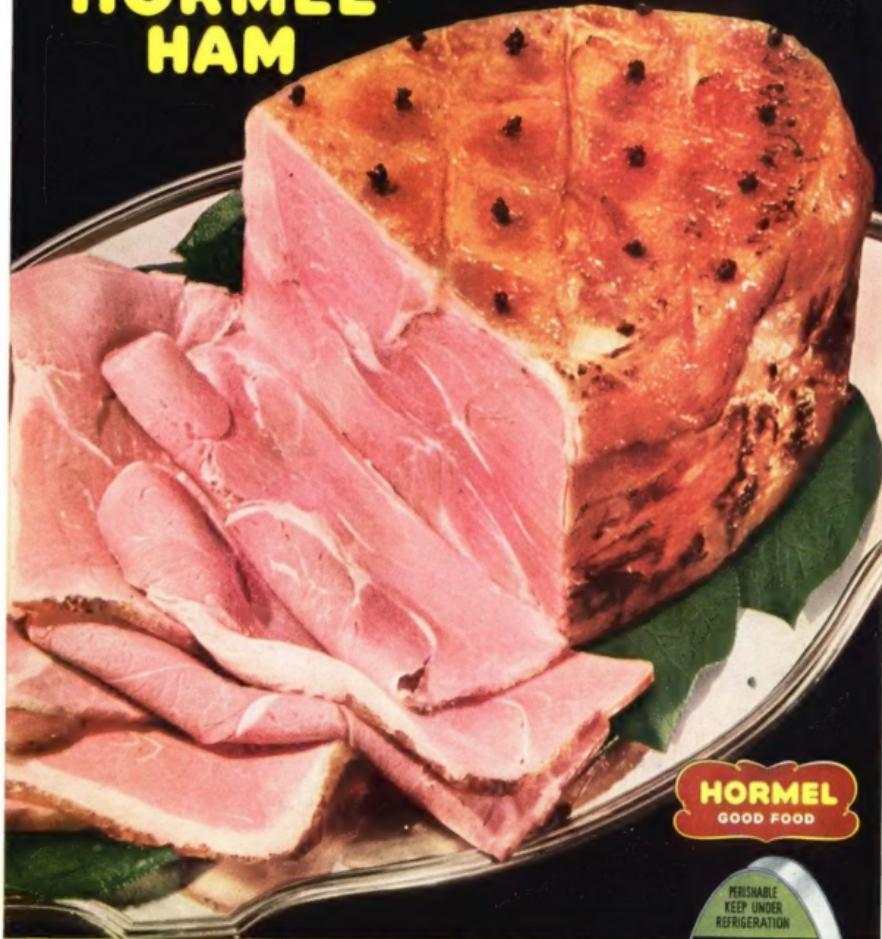
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